

THE

FESTIVAL OF MOMUS:

^K
OR,
D. Richforts

Polite Musical Companion.

CONTAINING

A VARIETY of the newest and most fashionable

S O N G S,

Catches, Duets, Cantatas, Country-Dances,
Toasts, Sentiments, &c.

A NEW EDITION.

D U B L I N:

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T H E

F E S T I V A L

O F

M O M U S, &c.

S O N G.—*Were ever so many wild mortals.*

W E R E ever so many wild mortals before,
Got together in frolic, and born to be merry,
'There's friars' and nuns, and old grey beards in store,
From this side and that side, and both sides the ferry.

All met at this place,

At the call of her Grace,

Whose worth and good nature, sure every one knows;

Then dance, sing and play,

As long as you may,

Joy and health to the Ducheſs wherever ſhe goes.

Let envy and malice be baniſh'd this night,

No party work done for to croſs our gay hearts :

In mirth and good humour then let us delight,

And all join in playing our whimſical parts.

There's Leinſter's great duke,

I know by his look,

Fitzgerald and Lenox united in one ;

Then ſay what they will,

He's Hibernia's friend ſtill,

Strike up then your tabor as loud as you can.

B

S O N G.

S O N G.—Jockey, A favourite new Song.

MY Laddie is gang'd far away o'er the plain,
Where in sorrow behind I'm forc'd to remain;
Tho' blue-bells and violets the hedges adorn,
Tho' trees are in blossom and sweet blows the thorn;
No pleasure they give me, in vain they look gay,
There's nothing can please now my Jockey's away.
Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain,
Haste haste, my dear Jockey, to me back again.

When the lads and their lasses are on the green met,
They dance and they sing, they laugh and they chat,
Contented and happy, their hearts full of glee,
I can't without envy their merriment see,
Those pastimes offend me, my shepherd's not there,
No pleasure I relish that Jockey don't share,
It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain,
I wish my dear Jockey return'd back again.

But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair,
He promis'd he wou'd in a fortnight be here;
Oh! fond expectation, my wishes I'll feast,
For love my dear Jockey to Jenny will haste!
Then-farewell each care, and adieu each vain sigh,
Who'll then be so blest or so happy as I;
I'll sing on the meadows and alter my strain,
When Jockey returns to my arms back again.

S O N G.—Tally Ho! A favourite Hunting Song.

YE sportsmen draw near, and ye sportswomen too,
Who delight in the joys of the field,
Mankind tho' they blame, are all eager as you,
And no one the contest will yield:

His lordship, his worship, his honour, his grace,

A hunting continually go;

All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chase,

With, bark forward! huzza! tally ho!

The lawyer will rise with the first of the morn,

To hunt for a mortgage or deed;

The husband gets up at the sound of the horn,

And rides to the scene of the fall speed;

The



The patriot is thrown in pursuit of his game,
The poet too often lies low;
Who mounted on Pegasus flies after fame,
With, hark forward! huzza! tally ho!

While fearless o'er hills and o'er woodlands we sweep,
Tho' prudes on our pastime may frown:
How oft do they decency's bounds overleap,
And the fences of virtue break down?
Thus public, or private, for pension or place,
For amusement, for passion, for show,
All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chase,
With, hark forward! huzza! tally ho!

S O N G. — *Dans votre lit.*

DANS votre lit, my Fanny, say,
When past the busy hours of day,
Say and let me happy be,
To find you sometimes think on me.

Dans votre lit.

For whether absent or in view,
My thoughts are fondly bent on you;
When in my dreams I'm full of glee,
And in my arms embracing thee.

Dans votre lit.

But soon as dawn appears, my fair,
The blissful vision's lost in air,
Consent, and you shall quickly see
'Twill make it sweet reality.

Dans votre lit.

The soft confession make, my fair,
And with it glad my raptur'd ear;
And in return I'll swear to thee
Ten thousand worlds I'd give to be.

Dans votre lit.

S O N G. — *Let ev'ry care and tumult cease.*

LET ev'ry care and tumult cease,
Bands of love unite us,

B 2

Kind

Kind friendship, joy, and lasting peace,
Ever shall delight us.

Mand.

I wish you joy of your disgrace,
Let his wife alone, Sir;
For since by her you've lost your place,
Better kiss your own, Sir.

Mayor.

I've brought things to a pretty pass,
By my own gallanting;
Tho' late a Mayor—I'm now an ass;
This is my gala-ganting.

Crazy.

Why what a deuce is all this rout,
Cease your idle singing,
Or by this hand I'll put you out,
And set the bells a ringing.

Tom.

Though you have, as poets see,
Rods in pickle steeping;
Forgive poor Tom of Coventry,
And pardon for his peeping.

S O N G.—A Parson who had a remarkable Foible.

A PARSON who had a remarkable foible,
Of minding the bottle much more than the bible,
Was deem'd by his neighbours to be less perplext,
In handling a tankard than handling a text.

Derry down.

Perch'd up in his pulpit one Sunday, he cried,
Make patience, my dearly beloved—your guide;
And in your distresses, your troubles, and crosses,
Remember the patience of Job in his losses.

Derry down.

The parson had got a stout cask of strong beer,
By way of a present,—no matter from where,
Suffice it to say, it was toothsome and good,
And he lov'd it as well as he did his own blood.

Derry down.
While

While he the church service in haste rambled o'er,
The hogs found a way thro' the old cellar door,
And by the strong scent of the beer-barrel led,
Had knock'd out the spigot or cock from its head.

Derry down.

Out spouted the liquor abroad on the ground.
The unbidden guests quaff'd it merrily round;
Nor from their diversions, or merriment ceas'd,
'Till every hog there, was as drunk as a beast.

Derry down.

And now the grave lecture and pray'rs at an end,
He brings along with him a neighbouring friend,
To be a partaker of Sunday's good cheer,
And taste his delightful October-brew'd beer.

Derry down.

The dinner was ready, and all was laid snug;
Here, wife, says the parson, go fetch us a mug;
But a mug of what, he had scarce time to tell her,
When—yonder, says she, are the hogs in the cellar!

Derry down.

She ran, and returning, with sorrowful face,
In suitable phrases related the case;
He rav'd like a madman, about in the room,
And then beat his wife, and the hogs, with the broom.

Derry down.

Was ever poor fellow so pester'd as I?
Quoth he, the slut makes all the house like a sty,
How came you to lock your d—'d hogs in the kitchen?
Is that a fit place to put cattle you b—h in?

Derry down.

Lord! husband, said she, what a coil you keep here,
About a poor, beggarly barrel of beer;
You should in your troubles, mischances, and crosses,
Remember the patience of Job in his losses.

Derry down.

A pox upon Job! cried the priest, in a rage,
That beer, I dare say, was near ten years of age;

B. 3 But

4 FESTIVAL OF MOMUS.

But you're a poor ignorant jade, like his wife;
For Job never had such a cask in his life.

Derry down.

Now neighbours while at the poor vicar you grin,
Your case, let me tell you's not better a pin;
With goodneis and wisdom, your theory back'd is,
But you're, ten to one, knave and fool in your practice.
Derry down.

S O N G.—*The Topsails Shiver in the wind.*

THE Topsails shiver in the wind,
The ship she cark's to sea;

But yet my soul, my heart, my mind
Are, Mary, moor'd with thee:
For tho' thy tailor's bound afar,
Still love shall be his leading star.

Should landmen flatter when we're sail'd,

O doubt their artful tales;

No gallant sailor ever sail'd,

If love breath'd constant gales:

Thou art the compass of my soul,
Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Syrens in every port we meet,

More fell than rocks or waves;

But such as grace the British fleet,

Are lovers, and not slaves;

No foes our courage shall subdue,

Although we've left our hearts with you.

These are our cares, but if you're kind

We'll scorn the dashing main;

The rocks, the billows, and the wind,

The power of France and Spain;

Now England's glory rests with you,

Our sails are full, sweet girls, adieu.

S O N G.—*Captain Dealb.*

THE muse and the hero together are fir'd,
The same noble views have their bosoms inspir'd,
As

As freedom they love, and for glory contend,
The muse o'er the hero still mourns as a friend,
And here let the muse her poor tribute bequeath,
To one British hero, 'tis brave captain Death.

His ship was the Terrible ! dreadful to see,
His crew were as brave and as gallant as he,
Two hundred or more was their good complement,
And sure braver fellows to sea never went ;
Each man was determin'd to spend his last breath,
In fighting for Britain and brave captain Death.

A Prize they had taken diminish'd their force,
And soon the good prize ship was lost in her course ;
The French privateer and the Terrible met,
The battle begun, all with horror beset ;
No heart was dismay'd, each was bold as Macbeth,
They fought for old England and brave captain Death.

Fire, thunder, balls, battles were soon heard and felt,
A fight that the heart of Bellona would melt ;
The shrouds were all torn, and the decks fill'd with blood,
And scores of dead bodies were thrown in the flood ;
The flood from the time of old Noah and Seth,
Ne'er saw such a man as our brave captain Death.

At last the dread bullet came wing'd with its fate,
Our brave captain dropt, and soon after his mate ;
Each officer fell and a carnage was seen,
That soon dy'd the waves to a crimson from green ;
And Neptune rose up and he pull'd off his wreath,
And gave it a triton to crown captain Death.

Thus fell the strong Terrible bravely and bold,
But sixteen survivors the tale can unfold ;
The French were the victors tho' much to their cost,
For many brave French were with Englishmen lost ;
And this says old Time, from good queen Elizabeth,
I ne'er saw the fellow of brave captain Death.

S O N G.—The Wand'ring Sailor.

THE wand'ring sailor ploughs the main,
A competence in life to gain ;

Un-

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Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
To find at last content and ease;
In hopes when toil and danger's o'er,
To anchor on his native shore.

When winds blow hard and mountains roll,
And thunders shake from pole to pole;
Tho' dreadful waves surrounding foam,
Still flat ring fancy wafts him home;
In hopes when toil and dangers o'er,
To anchor on his native shore.

When round the bowl the jovial crew
The early scenes of youth renew,
Tho' each his fav'rite fair will boast,
This is the universal toast,
May we when toil and danger's o'er,
Cast anchor on our native shore.

S O N G.—*The Shout is gone forth.*

THE shout is gone forth, hark the deep singing hound,
See the sport-loving high mettled steed spurn the
ground,

View him bend his proud neck as he hears the loud horn,
And snort the sharp air of the frost breathing morn.

In an instant all nature is rous'd from her trance,
And the hills seem to fly and the trees seem to dance,
These woodlands approach, and those forests retire,
With frantic delight ev'ry bosom's on fire.

On a brow the rapt peasant can trace the wild train,
Pour down the slop'd mountain and cover the plain;
Up the steep, in the stream, or amidst the scar'd flocks,
Who now regards perils of rivers or rocks.

We plunge in the lake, o'er the precipice fly,
With the game in full view and the pack in full cry:
What sportsman lacks courage, what courser lacks
breath,

Or who feels fatigue when we're in at the death?

Nor here ends the pleasure nor here ends the chase,
Ev'ry double we note, ev'ry danger retrace,

Recount

FESTIVAL OF MOMUS.

Recount in returning each peril we dar'd,
And point to each spot where the glory was shar'd.

We view the vast fragment the whirlpool profound,
And glow with remembrance of acts so renown'd
Then to Bacchus and Venus our prowess rehearse,
And deck ev'ry deed in the magic of verse.

S O N G.—*The rising Aurora.*

THE rising Aurora now gilds the sweet morn,
And renders all eager to welcome the horn,
What thousands of transports the chase will impart,
When timorous Reynard we boldly will start.
Hence with your dull lovers who languish forlorn,
And sigh for their Cloe's, neglecting the horn,
We true jolly sportsmen at large ever rove,
And only the chasing engages our love.

The fresh blooming morn our presence invites,
To taste endless pleasures and rural delights,
Then why do we tarry when raptures await,
Our wishes to crown, and our bliss to complete?
How inticing the joys that arise from our game,
Haste hither ye sportsmen, and seek after fame,
No longer let's dally, but swift let us fly,
What pleasure like joining the hounds in full cry?

Then onward, my heroes, and let us ne'er cease,
Till wily old Reynard shall fall in the chase,
The sport's so enchanting, our hearts will delight,
While health and diversion together unite,
There, there he is yonder, huzza, tally ho!
To steal away trying, yet fearing to go,
Now, now he is started, oh joyful surprize,
He pines, and he trembles, he pants, and he dies.

S O N G.—*Blew high blow low.*

BLOW high blow low let tempest tear
The main-mast by the board,
My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love well stored,

Shall

Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging sea,
In hopes on shore to be once more
Safe moor'd with thee.

Aloft while mountains high we go,
The whistling winds that scud along,
And the surge roaring from below
Shall my signal be to think on thee,
And this shall be my song,

Blow high blow low.

And on that night when all the crew
The mem'ry of their former lives,
O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
And drink their sweethearts and their wives,
I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee,
And as the ship rolls thro' the sea,
The burthen of my song shall be,

Blow high blow low.

S O N G.—*Be merry to-morrow.*

ALL you that are wise, and think life worth enjoying,
Or soldier, or sailor, by land or by sea,
In loving and laughing your time be employing;

Your glass to your lip, and your lads on your knee;
Come sing away, honeys, and cast off all sorrow!
Tho' we all die to-day let's be merry to-morrow;
A hundred years hence 'twill be too late to borrow
A moment of Time to be joyous and free!

Chorus—Come sing away honeys, &c.

My lord and the bishop, in spite of their splendor,

When Death gives the call, from their glories must part;
Your beautiful dame, when the summons is sent her,

Will feel the blood ebb from the cheek to the heart.
Then sing away, honeys, and cast off your sorrow;
Tho' you all die to-day, yet be merry to-morrow,
A hundred years hence 'twill be too late to borrow
A cordial to cherish the sorrowful heart!

Then sing away honeys, &c.

For

For riches and honour, then why all this riot,

Your wrangling, and jangling, and all your alarms?

Arrah! burn you, my honeys, you'd better be quiet,

And take, while you can, a kind girl to your arms:

You'd better be singing and casting off sorrow!

Tho' you all die to-day, sure, be merry to-morrow!

One moment to toy and enjoy her sweet charms!

You'd better be singing, &c.

S O N G.—The bearty Fellow.

WITH a cheerful-old friend, and a merry old song,
And a tankard of porter, I could sit the night long,

And laugh at the follies of those that repine,

Tho' I must drink porter while they can drink wine.

I envy no mortal, be he ever so great;

Nor scorn I the Wretch for his lowly estate;

But what I abhor, and deem as a curse,

Is meanness of spirit, not poorness in purse.

Then let us, companions, be chearful and gay,

And cheerfully spend life's remainder away;

Upheld by a friend, our foes we'll despise,

For, the more we are envy'd the higher we rise.

S O N G.—The Secret.

THE greatest skill in life,

For avoiding noise and strife,

Is to know when a man should be dumb, dumb, dumb:

When a knave to gain his end,

Sifts you to betray your friend,

Let your answer be only, mum, mum, mum.

Would you try to persuade,

A pretty, pretty maid,

As ripe as a peach or a plumb, plumb, plumb;

You've nothing more to do,

But to swear you'll be true,

And then you may kiss, but be mum, mum, mum.

FESTIVAL OF MOMUS.

S O N G.—*The Week's Work.*

MY wife she died last *Saturday* night,
I buried her on the *Sunday*;
I courted another, in coming from church,
And married again on *Monday*.

On *Tuesday* after, I stole a horse;
On *Wednesday* apprehended;
On *Thursday*, I was tried and cast;
And *To-morrow* the week will be ended.

S O N G.—*Little Bingo.*

TH E farmer's dog leapt over the stile,
His name was little Bingo.
The farmer's dog leapt over the stile,
His name was little-Bingo.
B with an I—I with an N,
N with a G—G with an O;
His name was little Bingo:
B—I—N—G—O!
His name was little Bingo.

The farmer lov'd a cup of good ale,
He call'd it rare good stingo.
The farmer lov'd &c.

S—T with an I, &c.

And is not this a sweet little song?

I think it is—by jingo,

And is not this, &c.

J with an I, &c.

S O N G.—*The Merry Sailor.*

HOW pleasant a sailor's life passes,
Who roams o'er the watery main;
No treasure he e ver amasses,
But cheerfully spends all his gain:

We're

We're strangers to party and faction,
To honour and honesty true,
And wou'd not commit a base action,
For power and profit in view.

Chorus—*Then why should we quarrel for riches,
Or any such glittering toys?
A light heart, and a thin pair of breeches,
Get through the world, brave boys.*

The world is a beautiful garden,
Enrich'd with the blessings of life;
The toiler with plenty rewarding,
Which plenty too often breeds strife.
When terrible tempests assail us,
And mountainous billows affright;
No grandeur or wealth can avail us;
But skilful industry steers right.

Cho.—*Then why should we, &c.*

The courtier's more subject to dangers,
Who rules at the helm of the state,
Than we, who to politics strangers,
Escape the snares laid for the great.
The various blessings of nature,
In various nations we try;
No mortals than us can be greater,
Who merrily live till we die.

Cho.—*Then why should we, &c.*

S O N G.—*The Kennel Racer.*

THO' I sweep to and fro, old iron to find,
Brass pins, rusty nails, they are all to my mind;
Yet I wear a sound heart true to great George our king;
And tho' ragged and poor, with clear conscience can sing,
*Tho' I sweep to and fro, yet I'd have you to know,
There are sweepers in high life as well as in low.*

The statesman he sweeps in his coffers the blunt,
That should pay the poor soldiers that honour do hunt;
The action, tho' dirty, he cares not a straw,
So he gets but the ready the rabble may jaw.

*Tho' I sweep, &c.
I'm*

C

I'm told that the parson, for I never go,
To hear a man preach what he'll never stick to ;
'Tis all for the sweepings he tips ye the cant,
You might pray by yourselves else, depend Sirs, upon't.

Tho' I sweep &c.

One sweeps you from this life you cannot tell where,
And what place you go to the doctor don't care,
So he brings in his bill, your long purses to broach,
Then he laughs in his sleeve as he rides in his coach,

Tho' I sweep, &c.

Your counsel may plead, but pray what is it for ;
His eye's on your fob, whilst he chatters the law,
Tongue-padding he rakes ye and sweeps you quite clear,
Of what's better than iron you need not to fear.

Tho' I sweep, &c.

But honesty's best in what station we are,
For the grand sweeper, Death, we can sooner prepare ;
Your statesman, your parson, your physick and law,
When Death takes a sweep are no more than a chaw.

Tho' I sweep, &c.

S O N G.—*Nothing at all.*

NO W since I have nothing to do,
A story 'bout nothing I'll tell,
I'll tell you what nothing does mean,
How much it does something excel ;
How oft' are we brought to a strife,
How oft' do we quarrel and brawl,
And if you're to know but the right,
'Tis all about nothing at all.

Derry down, down, derry, down.

This world of nothing is made ;
And all that's contain'd therein,
And, as it has often been said,
Will come to nothing again ;
But trouble brings sorrow, you see,
And sorrow brings trouble withal,

And

And if any from trouble be free,
It is he who has nothing at all.

Derry down.

The miser who lays up his pelf,
In hopes to have an increase,
He ne'er can enjoy it himself,
Or have any blessing or peace ;
For he that is ever so poor,
A captive to death he must fall,
And he that is ever so rich,
At death he'll have nothing at all.

Derry down.

And he who has got a bad wife,
At her husband to quarrel and brawl,
She worries him out of his life,
He'd better have none at all ;
Whenever she spends her breath,
Why then she'll surely fall,
And after she's seiz'd by death,
Why then she says nothing at all.

Derry down.

Then fill ev'ry glass to the brim,
And let not one drop of it fall,
And drink a good health unto him,
Who sings about nothing at all ;
For now my companions I pray,
When you for the reck'ning do call,
Have ev'ry one something to pay,
For by Jove I'll pay nothing at all.

Derry down.

S O N G.—Auld Robin Grey.

W H E N the sheep are in the fauld, and a the kye
at bame,

And all the weary warld asleep is gane ;
The waes o' my heart fall in thowers fra my eye,
While my gude man sleeps sound by me.
Young Jamie lov'd me weel, and ask'd me for his bride,
But saving a crown, he had naithing else beside,

C a

To

16 FESTIVAL OF MOMUS.

To make the crown a pound, my Jamie went to sea,
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He had nae been gane a year and a day,
When my father brake his arm, and our cow was stole
away;

My mither she fell sick, and Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray came a courting to me.

My father could nae wark, and my mither cou'd nae
spin,

I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'd nae win,
Auld Robin fed 'em baith, and wi' tears in his eye,

Said Jeany for their sake, O pray marry me:

My heart it fast hae, and I look'd for Jamie back,

But the wind it blew hard, and his ship it was a wrack,

His ship was a wrack, why did nae Jaeny dee,

And why was she spar'd to cry wae's me.

My father urg'd me sair, but my mither did nae speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break.

Sa they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was at the sea,

And auld Robin Gray was gude-mun to me:

I had nae been a wife, but weeks only four,

When sitting sa mournfully out my ain door,

I saw my Jamie's wreath, for I cou'd nae think it he,

Till he said, love I'm comed hame to marry thee.

Sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say,

We took but ane kiss, and we tore ourselves away.

I wish I were dead, but I'm nae like to dee,

O why was I born to say wae's me.

I gang like a ghaist; and I canna like to spin,

I dare nae think o' Jamie, for that would be a sin,

But I'll da my best, a gude wife to be,

For auld Robin Gray is very kind to me.

SONNET.—My Friend and Pitcher.

THE wealthy fool with gold in store,
Will still desire to grow richer;

Give me but these, I ask no more,

My charming girl, my friend and pitcher.

FESTIVAL OF MOMUS

*My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
With such what mortal can be richer,
Give me but these, a fig for care,
With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher,*

From morning sun I'd never grieve
To toil, a hedger or a ditcher,
If that when I come home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.

My friend so rare, &c.

Tho' fortune ever shuts my door,
I know not what can bewitch her;
With all my heart can I be poor,
With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher

My friend so rare, &c.

S O N G.—*Free from the bustle, care and strife.*

FREE from the bustle, care and strife,
Of this short variegated life,

Oh! let me spend my days

In rural sweetness with a friend,

To whom my mind I may unbend,

Nor censure heed or praise,

Richer bring cares, I ask not wealth,

Let me enjoy but peace and health,

I envy not the great,

'Tis these alone can make me blest,

The riches take of East and West,

I claim not these or state.

Tho' not extravagant or near,

But thro' the well chosen chequer'd year,

I'd have enough to live

To drink a bottle with a friend,

Assist him in distress, ne'er lend,

But rather freely give.

I too would wish to sweeten life,

A gentle-kind good-natur'd wife,

Young, sensible and fair,

One who could live with me alone,

C 3

Profer

15 FESTIVAL OF WOMEN.

Prefer my cot to e'er a throne,
And sooth my ev'ry care.

Thus happy with my wife and friend,
My life I cheerfully would spend
With no vain thoughts oppress'd,
If heav'n has bliss for me in store,
O grant me this, I ask no more,
And I am truly blest.

S O N G.—*Bright Phœbus has mounted.*

BRIGHT Phœbus has mounted the chariot of day,
And the horns and the hounds call each sportsman
Thro' woods and thro' meadows with speed now they
While health, rosy health is in exercise found.

*Hark away, hark away to the sound of the horns,
And Echo, blith Echo makes jocular the morn.*

Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,
While puffs flies the covert, and dogs quick pursue,
Behold where she flies, o'er the wide spreading plain,
While the loud opening pack pursue her again.

Hark away, &c.

At length puffs is caught, and lies panting for breath,
And the shout of the huntsman's the signal of death,
No joys can delight like the sports of the field,
To hunting, all paltimes and pleasures must yield.

Hark away, &c.

S O N G.—*To the Greenwood gang with me.*

TO speer my love with glances fair,
The Woodland laddie came,
He vow'd he would be aw sincere,
And thus he spoke his flame:

The morn is blythe, the May blooming fair,
As fair as fair can be,

To the greenwood gang my lassie dear,
To the greenwood-gang with me.

Gang with me.

The

The lad I love is sa' opprefs'd,

I cou'd na say him nay,

He kits'd my lips, my hand he prels'd

As tripping o'er the Bray :

Dear lad, I cried, so trig and fair,

As fair as fair can be,

To the greenwood gang, my laddie dear,

To the greenwood gang with me,

Gang with me.

The bridal-day is come to pass,

Sic joy was never seen,

And now I'm call'd the woodland lass,

The woodland laddie's queen :

I blest the morn so blithe and fair,

I spake my mind so free,

To the greenwood gang, my laddie dear,

To the greenwood gang with me.

Gang with me.

S O N G.—In the dead of the Night.

IN the dead of the night, when all nature's at rest,

And mortals enjoy the calm blessings of rest,

Cupid rap'd at my window, I'woke at the noise,

Whose there, I reply'd, that disturbs my repose.

He answer'd so modest, so meek and so mild,

Dear ma'am, I'm a poor unfortunate child,

'Tis a cold rainy night, I am wet to the skin,

I have lost my way, so pray let me in.

No sooner from cold and from wet he got ease,

Than taking his bow, he cried, ma'am if you please,

If you please, ma'am, I would by experiment know,

If the rain has damag'd the strings of my bow.

Then taking the quiver and arrow he drew,

Striking the string, twang went the bow,

'Tis gone, the reply'd, it has enter'd my heart,

No string of a hornet's yet thus'd such a smart.

Away

Away skip'd the urchin, as brisk as a bee,
And laughing, I wish you much joy ma'am, says he,
My bow is undamag'd, and through went the dart,
But you will have trouble enough with your heart.

S O N G. — All is a Joke.

YE bucks and ye bloods, who love tippling and
smoking,
Who season each moment with laughing and joking,
A while be but silent, attend what is spoke,
And I'll make it appear that the world is a joke.

*Sing tantarara, joke all, joke all,
Sing tantarara, joke all.*

The patriot so grave, from plain sir to his grace,
For his country will bawl — till he gets a good place,
Then he lays down the mask, and he throws off the
cloak,

And proves what he said was, alas — but in joke.

Sing tantarara, &c.

The gen'ral so brave, wou'd his post soon betray,
If the foe would genteelly but double his pay;
No longer would venture with cannon and smock,
But resign and retire, and then laugh at the joke.

Sing tantarara, &c.

The lawyer, who pleads that your case is quite good,
Tho' he knows by himself, it is not understood,
When he's drain'd all the fees that he can from your poke,
Your cause is neglected, and all is a joke,

Sing tantarara, &c.

The physician so prim, with his cane and large wig,
Who lolls in his chariot, and looks very big,
When death comes and gives you the finishing stroke,
You'll find his prescriptions were all but a joke.

Sing tantarara, &c.

The next is old Spin-text, reclamer of evil,
Who says for your sins you will go to the devil.

When

When out of the pulpit, he'll wench, drink and smock,
And all will conclude, then he's preaching a joke,
Sing tantararara, &c.

The ladies so virtuous, so charming and pretty,
Who rail against lovers, and cast away pity,
Such railing, we know, is no more than a cloak,
For ladies were always all fond of a joke.

Sing tantararara, &c.

The flattering fop, and the tradesmen who cheat,
Will joke at each other, when passing the street;
Nay, he that can't joke, we a ninny should call,
So let us sing tantararara, joke all.

Sing tantararara, &c.

S O N G.—The Smiling Morn.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,

Invite the tuneful birds to sing;

And while they warble on each spray,

Love melts the universal lay;

Let us, Amanda, timely wise,

Like them employ the hour that flies;

And in soft raptures waste the day,

Amidst the Birks of Indermay.

Soon wears the summer of the year,

And age, like winter will appear,

Like this, thy lovely bloom will fade,

As that doth strip the verdant shade;

Our taste, our pleasure then is o'er.

The feather'd songsters charm no more,

And as they droop, so we decay,

Adieu, ye Birks of Indermay.

S O N G.—The Bird that hears her Nestlings cry.

THE bird that hears her nestlings cry,
And flies abroad for food,

Returns impatient through the sky,

To nurse her callow brood;

The tender mother knows no joy,

But

But bodes a thousand harms ;
And sickens for the darling boy,
When absent from her arms.

Such fondness with impatience join'd,
My faithful bosom fires,
Now forc'd to leave my fair behind,
The queen of my desires :
The pow'rs of vertue too languid prove,
All families are vain,
To shew how ardently I love,
Or to relieve my pain.

The faint with fervent zeal inspir'd,
For heav'n and joy divine ;
The faint is not with rapture fir'd,
More pure, more warm than mine :
I take what liberty I dare,
I were impious to say more ;
Convey my longings to the fair,
The goddess I adore.

S O N G.—*The Sky-Lark.*

GO, tuneful bird, that glad'st the skies,
To Daphne's window speed thy way ;
And there on quivering pinions rise,
And there thy vocal art display !
And if she deigns thy notes to hear,
And if she praise thy matin song,
Tell her the sounds that soothe her ear,
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from Indian groves may shine,
But ask the lovely partial maid,
What are his notes compar'd to thine ?

Then bid her treat yon witless beau,
And all his flaunting race with scorn ;
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

S O N G.

S O N G.—*Mortals, wisely learn to measure.*

MORTALS, wisely learn to measure

Life by the extent of joy,

Life is short and fleeting pleasure,

Then be gay,

Whilst you may,

And your hours in mirth employ.

Never let your mistress pain ye,

Though she meets you with a frown,

Fly to wine, 'twill soon unchain ye,

Chear your heart,

And your smart

In a sweet oblivion drown.

If love's fiercer flame should seize thee,

To some gentle maid repair,

She'll with soft endearments ease thee,

On her breast,

Sink to rest,

Eas'd of love, and free from care.

Friendship, wine and love, united,

From all ills defend the mind,

By them guarded and delighted,

Happy state,

Smile at fate,

And give sorrow to the wind.

S O N G.—*Come let us begin.*

COME let us begin, for the clock has struck ten,

Leave fooling, and take off your glass—

He that will not, I'm sure (tho' he looks like a man)

Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, an ass,

Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass.

Then let us be jovial drink, sing and laugh,

Let meagre despair sigh, alas !

Fill the bumper, and he that drinks up but the half,

Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.

Take your glasses in hand, a fig for each elfe,

Give the toast of some fav'rite lass :

We'll

14. FESTIVAL OF MOMUS.

We'll pledge it, and he that does start before *twelve*
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.

Come give us a song, that is stook'd well with fun,
Our time let it merily pass :
Be merry, I say, he that starts before *one*,
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.

Here, free from all care, let us pleasure pursue,
Look on money as nothing but brass ;
Come, lads, drink about, he that starts before *two*
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.

Who rules will prescribe for such spirits as we,
Their scheming is all but a farce ;
Whilst liquor enough, he that starts before *three*
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.

S O N G—*To be merry and wise.*

TO be merry and wise is a proverb of old,
But a maxim so good can't too often be told ;
Then attend to my song, nor my counsel despise,
For I mean to be merry, — but merry and wise.
Ye hucks, when toping such raptures express,
And yet the next day dismal proof of excess,
Avoid all extremes, and mark well my advice,
Tis to drink and be merry — but merry and wise.

In women all lovely is center'd each bliss,
But let prudence give sanction, 'twill sweeten the kiss ;
If not beauty or folly your senses surprise,
You may kiss and be merry, — but merry and wise.
Then, ye toppers and rakes, who would lead happy lives,
All excesses avoid, and choose modest wives,
While prudence presides, it is thus I advise,
Love, and drink, and be merry, — but be merry and wise.

S O N G.—When darkness spread her sable vest.

W H E N darkness spread her sable vest,
And threaten'd fair Hibernia's land,
The flame of virtue fir'd each breast,
And form'd a glorious patriot band.

Chorus—*Lo! this Patriot Band appears,
Fam'd Hibernia's Volunteers!*

Inspir'd with freedom's sacred flame,
They draw the sword, they point the lance,
And while their country soars to fame,
They dread not Spain, they fear not France.

Lo! the Patriot Band, &c.

No toils they heed, no dangers shun,
When acting in their country's cause:
Where-e'er occasion calls they run,
And prove a supplement to laws.

Lo! the Patriot Band, &c.

No force their souls shall e'er enslave,
For chains they scorn, tho' form'd of gold:
No King their freedom to them gave,
That charter from high Heaven they hold.

Lo! the Patriot Band, &c.

That charter still they will maintain,
And to their sons transmit it pure;
Nay the eternal's self will deign
That charter ever to secure.

Lo! the Patriot Band, &c.

S O N G.—How sweet in the Woodlands.

H O W sweet in the woodlands,
With fleet hound and horn,
To awake the sweet echo,
And taste the fresh morn,
But hard is the chase,
My fond heart must pursue,
Since Daphne dear Daphne,
Is lost to my view.

D.

Alit

Assist me chaste Dian

The nymph to regain,
More wild than the roebuck,

And wing'd with disdain,

In pity o'er take her

Who wounds as she flies.

Tho' Daphne, persuade,

'Tis Myrtilla that dies.

S O N G.—Some say women are like the Seas.

SOME say women are like the seas,
Some the waves and some the rocks,
Some the rose that soon decays,

Some the weather, and some the cocks;
But if you'll give me leave to tell,

There's nothing can be compar'd so well,

As wine, wine, women and wine,

They run in a parallel,

They run in a parallel.

Woman are witches when they will,

So is wine, so is wine,

They rob the statesman of his skill,

The soldier, lawyer, and divine;

They put the gigg in the gravest scull,

And send the wits to gather wool,

And its wine, wine, women and wine,

They run in, &c.

What's that makes your face so pale?

What's that makes your looks divine;

What makes your courage rise and fall!

Is it not women? is it not wine?

From whence proceed the inflaming doses,

That set fire unto your noses,

From wine, wine, women and wine,

They run in a parallel,

They run in a parallel.

S O N G.

S O N G.—The jolly Toper.

I'M a hearty good fellow, a ruby nos'd sot,
Who never yet thought of treason, or plot :
A bottle that's mellow is the chief of my cares,
And I guzzle each night, 'till I'm carried up stairs.

On the tombs of the brave ones, the wealthy, and wise,
We are only inform'd, that "under he lies ;"
'Tis a hint that I like not, a trumpety tale,
So I now drown the thoughts on't in flaggons of ale.

They may name me sot, blockhead, or e'en what
they will ;

But if wealth, nor if riches, nor wisdom, or skill,
Can their owners preserve from a church-yard, or priest,
Why, I'll live as I like it—for method's a jest.

On the lesson of nature it is that I think,
For she taught me to love and she taught me to drink ;
To my pleasures full power she taught me to give,
And I'll stick to her maxims as long as I live.
I've money, good store on't, and spend it I must ;
Be roaring and merry, but honest and just,
That, cold in my coffin, my landlord may say,
He's gone and he's welcome—there's nothing to pay.

S O N G.—The mad Family.

THERE was a mad man he had a mad wife,
And they liv'd in a mad line, sir,
They had ten children to bring up,
And they were mad the same, sir.

The father was mad, and the mother was mad,
The children were mad besides, sir,
And they all got up, on a mad horse,
'And madly they did ride, sir.

How they got up, or how they got down,
There's no man living can tell, sir,

But madly they rode until that they came
Unto the gates of Hell, fir.

The Devil was glad to see them all mad,
And 'rose to let them in, fir,
But when he found them more mad than himself,
He turned them out again, fir.

S O N G.—*The Medley.*

THIS world is a stage
On which mankind engage,
And each acts his part in the throng;
But all in confusion,
Meer folly, delusion,
And faith, nothing else but a song;
A song, a song,
And faith, nothing else but a song.

The parson so grave,
Says your soul he will save,
And point the right way from the wrong,
After piously teaching,
With long-winded preaching,
And puts off his flock with a song, &c.

The doctor he fills
You with bolus and pills,
With assurance to make you live long;
But believe me 'tis true,
The guinea's in view,
And the rest it is all but a song, &c.

The surgeon so bold
His lancet doth hold,
And slashes your body along;
Small wounds he enlarges,
Then fill up your charges,
His art like the rest is a song, &c.

The soldier he rattles,
Of sieges and battles,
And sieges that he's been among;

His

His preferment and spirit
Are both like his merit,
You see they are bought for a song, &c.

The master he cries,
See the clouds how they rise,
Up aloft, my brave lads, it blows strong;
Boy, make us some flip,
And I'll warrant the ship
Will soon reach her port, is his song, &c.

Vers'd in quirks and in quibbles,
The lawyer he scribbles,
And moves his mellifluous tongue;
'Twixt demur and vacation,
He'll raise expectation,
Then sink your estate to a song, &c.

The merchant is bent
On his twenty per cent,
To him journal and ledger belong;
Commission with charges,
His profit enlarges,
'Till his balance may end in a song, &c.

With powder and lace,
And effeminate face,
The gay fop behold strutting along;
Just arriv'd from his travels,
At nothing he levels,
But just a dance and a song, &c.

The gentle coquet,
She's all in a fret,
In the morn if her toilet be wrong;
The whole day she will pass
To consult her dear glass,
And at night die away with a song, &c.

The furlly old prude,
She will say you are rude,
For the blifs tho' she secretly long;
But take her aside,
You may manage her pride,
And her virtue bring down to a song, &c.

The courtier he smiles,
 At the time he beguiles,
 And feeds you with promises long—
 He squeezes your hand,
 And call you his friend,
 Tho' he means nothing more than a song, &c.

Then let us be jolly,
 Drive hence melancholy,
 Since we are brave fellows among;
 Taste life as it passes,
 And fill up your glasses,
 And each honest blade sing a song,
 A song, a song,
 And each honest blade sing a song,

S O N G.—*A new Melley.*

GUARDIAN angels now protect me—
 From the man that I love, tho' my heart I disguise,
 I can freely distinguish—
 The Sun from the East tips the mountains with gold,
 And the meadows all spangled—
 With woman and wine, I defy ev'ry care,
 For life without these, is—
 An old song made by an ancient old paté,
 Of——

All the girls within the town,
 The black, the fair, the red, the brown,
 That dance and prance it up and down,
 There's none like——
 Bra John O'Bute, was a bonny muckle man,
 Fra Scotland he came——
 In penance for past folly,
 A pilgrim blithe and jolly,
 A foe to——

The four and twentieth day of May,
 Of all the days in the year, fir,—
 When the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen,
 And the meadows their verdure have lost;
 When all nature disrobd of her mantle of green,—
 By the side of a great kitchen fire,
 A scullion complaining was laid;

A pudding

A pudding was——

All in the Downs, the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black ey'd Susan came on board,
Oh ! where shall I my true-love find ?

Tell me——

John Anderfon my Jo, John, I wonder what you mean,
To rise so soon at morning, to sit so late at e'en,——

The clock has struck, I can't tell what

And the morning came on too, as grey a rat ;

Cocks and hens from their roosts did fly,

Grunting pigs too leave their sty ;——

Down in a vale, Cifs with her pail,

Met her true love dapper Harry,

First they kist, then shook fist,

And look'd like——

A certain presbyterian pair,

Was wedded t'other day,

And when the lambs were laid in bed,

The pastor came to pray.——

Then sy let us a'to the wedding,

For there will be liting——

There was once it was said,

But it's out of my head ;

And more so yet true is my tale,

That a——

A taylor good lord ! in the time of vacation,

When cabbage was scarce, and when pocket was low ;

For the sake of good liquor pretended a passion

To one that sold ale in a cuckoldly row,

Sing in and out, thro' a clout, whilst he was able ;

Prick a louse, prick a louse, what could he do ?

Now a louse made him itch, here a scratch, there a stitch ;

And sing cucumber ! cucumber !——

I'm old mad Tom, behold me ;

My wits are quite unfram'd ;

I'm mad I'm sure, and past all cure,

Nor hope to be reclaim'd——

Jupiter wenches and drinks, he rules the roast in the sky,

He's a fool if he thinks.——

The world is a jumble of nonsense and fun,

And life's run away with e're 'tis well begun ;

Like

Like this motly song, 'tis the farce of a day,
Which aptly concludes with a tal de ral la.

From sorrow to mirth, we inconstantly range,
No mortal on earth, but is fond of a change;
Then while you have fun, I advise you make hay,
And always make sure of your tal de ral la.

Look round in the world and you'll constantly find,
As odd sort of couples as ever I bind:
The young weds the old, and the grave takes the gay;
All strangers to mirth, and it's tal de ral la.

Ye droll sort of mortals who laugh at my song,
Laugh on, and be thankful you're not in the wrong:
And you that are sad, know the dog has his day,
Then take a full swing at your tal de ral la.

S O N G.—*The Jolly Miller.*

THERE was a jolly miller liv'd on the River Dee,
He danc'd and he sang from morn to night, no
lark so blithe as he;

And this the burthen of his song for ever us'd to be,
I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me.

I live by my mill, God bless her! she's kindred, child and
wife;

I wou'd not change my station for any other in life,
No lawyer, surgeon, or doctor, e'er had a groat from me,
I care for nobody, no, not I, if no nobody cares for me;

When spring begins its merry career, oh! how his
heart grows gay!

No summer drought alarms his fears nor winter's sad
decay.

No forefright mars the miller's joy, who wants to sing
and say.

Let others toil from year to year,—I live from day to
day.

Thus, like the miller, bold and free, let us rejoice and
sing;

The days of youth are made for glee, and time is on
the wing.

This

This song shall pass from me to thee, along this jovial
ring;
Let heart and voice and all agree, to say long live the
king.

S O N G.—*Father Paul.*

LET grave divines preach up dull rules,
And moral wit refine,
The precepts taught in Roman schools,
We friars here define.

*Chorus.—Here's a health to Father Paul,
For sowing bowls
Inspire the souls
Of jolly friars all.*

When in the convent we are met
We laugh, we joke, we sing;
All worldly cares we there forget,
For Father Paul's our king,

Here's a Health, &c.

No absolution we will give,
Ye blue ey'd nuns so fair;
No benediction here receive,
But banish all your care.

Here's a Health, &c.

With beads and crosses, not held divine,
We pray with fervent zeal
To rosy Bacchus, god of wine,
Who does each joy reveal.

Here's a Health, &c.

May ev'ry friar please his nun,
Each nun her friar please;
And each alike enjoy their fun,
With freedom and with ease.

Here's a Health, &c.

Then fill your bumpers, sons of mirth,
Let friars be the toast;

Long

Long may they all exist on earth,
And nuns their orders boast.

Here's a Health, &c.

S O N G.—*Pass the Toast.*

HERE'S to the maid of bashful fifteen,
Likewise to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the bold and extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,

I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize,
And likewise to her that has none, sir;
Here's to the maid with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to her that's but one, sir.

Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
And to her that's as brown as a berry;
And here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And here's to the girl that is merry.

Let the toast pass, &c.

Let her be clumsy or let her be slim,
Young, or ancient I care not a feather;
So fill the pint bumper quite up to the brim,
And e'en let us toast them together.

Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,

I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

S O N G.—*Good humour and wit.*

ONE evening, good humour took wit as his guest,
Resolv'd to indulge in a sensible feast;
Their liquor was claret, and friendship their host,
And mirth, song, and sentiment garnish'd each toast.
Derry down, &c.

But while, like true bucks, they enjoy their design,
For the joy of a buck lies in love, wit, and wine,
Alarm'd,

Alarm'd, they all heard at the door a loud knock,
And the watchman hoarse bellow'd, 'twas past twelve
o'clock.

Derry down, &c.

They nimbly ran down, the disturbing dog found,
And up stairs they dragg'd the impertinent hound ;
When brought to the light, how much were they pleas'd,
To see 'twas the grey glutton Time they had seiz'd.

Derry down, &c.

His glass was his lanthorn, his scythe was his pole,
And his single lock dangled adown his smooth scull :
My friend, quoth he, coughing, I thought fit to knock,
And bid ye be gone ; for 'tis past twelve o'clock.

Derry down, &c.

Says the venom'd tooth savage, on this advice fix,
'Tho' nature strike twelve, folly still points to fix.
He longer had preach'd, but no longer they'd bear it ;
So hid him at once in a hoghead of claret.

Derry down, &c.

This is right, call'd out wit ; while you're yet in your
prime,

There's nothing like claret for killing of Time :

Huzza, replied Love, now no more can he knock,

Or, impertinent, tell us, 'tis past twelve o'clock.

Derry down, &c.

Since Time is confin'd to our wine, let us think,
By his maxim we're sure of our time when we drink :
With bumpers, my lads, let our glasses be prim'd,
Now we're certain our drinking is always well tim'd.

Derry down, &c.

S O N G.—The Vicar and Moses.

AT the sign of the horse, old Spintext of course,
Each night took his pipe and his pot,
O'er a jorum of nappy quite pleasant and happy,
Was plac'd this canonical sot.

Tel de rol, de rol tiol distol.

The

The evening was dark, when in came the clerk,
 With reverence due, and submission;
 First strok'd his cravat, then twirl'd round his hat,
 And bowing, prefer'd his petition.

Tol de rol, &c.

I'm come, sir, says he, to beg, dy'e see,

Of your reverend worship and glory,
 To inter a poor baby, with as much speed as may be
 And I'll walk with the lanthorn before ye.

Tol de rol, &c.

The body we'll bury, but pray where's the hurry,
 Why lord, sir, the corpse it does stay!
 You fool, hold your peace, since miracles cease,
 A corpse, Moses, can't run away.

Tol de rol, &c.

Then Moses, he smil'd, says, sir, a small child
 Cannot long delay your intentions;
 Why that's true, by St. Paul, a child that is small,
 Can never enlarge its dimensions.

Tol de rol, &c.

Bring Moses some beer, and bring me some, d'ye hear,
 I hate to be called from my liquor;
 Come Moses, the King, 'tis a scandalous thing,
 Such a subject should be but a Vicar.

Tol de rol, &c.

Then Moses he spoke, sir, 'tis past twelve o'clock,
 Besides there's a terrible show'r:
 Why Moses, you elf, since the clock has struck twelve,
 I'm sure it can never strike more.

Tol de rol, &c.

Besides, my dear friend, this lesson attend,

Which to say and to swear, I'll be bold,
 That the corpse, snow or rain, can't endanger that's
 plain,

But perhaps you or I may take cold,

Tol de rol, &c.

Then

Then Moses went on, sir, the clock has struck one !
 Pray, master, look up at the hand,
 Why it ne'er can strike less, 'tis a folly to press
 A man for to go that can't stand.

Tol de rol, &c.

At length hat and cloak, old Orthodox took,
 But first cram'd his jaw with a quid ;
 Each tips off a gill, for fear they should chide,
 And then stagger'd away side by side.

Tol de rol, &c.

When come to the grave, the clerk humm'd a slave,
 Whilst the surplice was wrapt round the priest ;
 Whilst so-droll was the figure, of Moses and Vicar,
 That the parish still talk of the jest.

Tol de rol, &c.

Good people, let's pray, put the corpse tother way,
 Or perchance I shall over it stumble,
 'Tis best to take care, tho' the sages declare,
 A mortuum caput can't take tremble.

Tol de rol, &c.

Woman that's born of man, that's wrong, the leaf's torn,
 Oh ! man that is born of a woman,
 Can't continue an hour, but's cut down like a flow'r,
 You see, Moses,—death spareth no man.

Tol de rol, &c.

Here, Moses, do look, what a confounded book,
 Sure the letters are turn'd upside down,
 Such a scandalous print, sure the devil is in't,
 That this *Grier's*on should print for the crown.

Tol de rol, &c.

Prishee, Moses, you read, for I cannot proceed,
 And bury the corpse, in my stead,
 (Amen, Amen.)

Why, Moses, you're wrong, pray hold still your tongue,
 You've taken the tail for the head.

Tol de rol, &c.

O where's thy sting, death ! put the corpse in the earth,
 For believe me, 'tis terrible weather :

E

So

So the corpse was interr'd without praying a word,
And away they both stagger'd together.

Tel de rol, &c.

S O N G.—The Jolly Sailor.

A JOLLY Jack Tar, but a little while since,
As drunk as a beggar, as bold as a prince,
Fell foul of an alehouse, and thought it a sin,
To pass without calling, so went roaring in.

Derry down, &c.

He scarce had set down, when the landlord came by
With pudding and beef which attracted his eye,
From the mast-head a sail,—Jack leapt from his place,
And grasping his cudgel, gave orders for chase.

Derry down, &c.

Now it happen'd together ten Frenchmen were met,
Resolving Soup-meagre and Frogs to forget;
Convinc'd of their error, they'd order'd a feast,
To be dress'd and serv'd up in the true English-taste.

Derry down, &c.

At the heels of the landlord, Jack quickly appears,
And made the room echo with three British cheers;
Then sat himself down, without any debate,
And whip'd his old quid on his next neighbour's plate.

Derry down, &c.

No sooner was Jack thus possess'd of a place,
Than thinking it needless to wait for the grace,
In spite of their whispers, the stout English thief,
First grappled the pudding, then boarded the beef.

Derry down, &c.

Now nothing could equal the Frenchmen's surprise,
They drunk up their shoulders, and star'd with their eyes,
From one went a ha! to another a hem!

They look'd at their landlord, their landlord at them.

Derry down, &c.

One more bold than the rest, by his brethren's advice,
Made a sneaking attempt to come in for a slice,

But

But Jack cut his fingers, and gave him a check,
Crying down with your arms, or I'll soon clear the deck.

Derry down, &c.

At length to revenge all the Frenchmen unite,
Each seiz'd on his knife, and prepar'd for a fight;
Of quarters, says Jack, I would not have you think;
So strike you soup-bibbers, strike, or you sink.

Derry down, &c.

The landlord beholding; approach'd from afar,
And sneaking behind, seiz'd the hands of the tar;
I've got him, says he, but he scarce could say more,
Ere he found his dull pate where his heels were before.

Derry down, &c.

Then frowning, Jack flourish'd his trusty old stick,
And lay on his broadsides so fast and so thick:
He so well play'd his part in a minute, that four,
Lay sprawling along with their host on the floor.

Derry down, &c.

The rest being dismay'd at their country men's fate,
Each fearing Jack's stick would alight on his pate,
Soon yielded him victor and lord of the main,
With humble entreaty to bury their slain.

Derry down, &c.

To which he consented, but order'd that they,
For the beef, and the pudding, and porter should pay;
So saying, he staggered away to his wench,
Still whooping and crying, down down with the French.

Derry down, &c.

S O N G.—*The wonderful old Man.*

THERE was an old man, and though it's not
common,

Yet if he said true, he was born of a woman;

And tho' it's incredible, yet I've been told,

He was once a mere infant, but age made him old,

Age made him old, age made him old,

He was once a mere infant, but age made him old.

Whene'er he was hungry he long'd for some meat,
And if he could get it, 'twas said he would eat;
When thirsty, he'd drink, if you gave him a pot,
And his liquor most commonly ran down his throat.

He seldom, or never, could see without light,
And yet I've been told he could hear in the night;
'Tis has oft been awake in the day-time 'tis said,
And has fallen asleep as he lay on his bed.

'Tis reported his tongue always mov'd when he talk'd,
And he flir'd both his arms and his legs when he walk'd;
And his gait was so odd, had you seen him, you'd burst,
For one leg or t'other would always be first.

His face was the oddest that ever was seen,
For if 'twas not wash'd it was seldom quite clean;
He shew'd most his teeth when he happen'd to grin,
And his mouth stood across 'twixt his nose and his chin.

When this whimsical chap had a river to pass,
If he could not get o'er he would stay where he was;
'Tis said he ne'er ventur'd to quit the dry ground,
Yet so great was his luck that he never was drown'd.

Among other strange things that befel this good yeoman,
He was married poor soul, and his wife was a woman.
And unless by that liar, miss Fame, we're beguil'd,
We may roundly affirm he was never with child.

At last he fell sick as old chronicles tell,
And then, as folks said, he was not very well;
But what is more strange, in so weak a condition,
As he could not give fees, he cou'd get no physician.

What wonder he died, yet, 'tis said, that his death
Was occasion'd at last by the want of his breath:
But peace to his bones, which in ashes now moulder,
Had he liv'd a day longer, he'd been a day older.

S O N G.—*Britons, rule the Waves.*

WHEN Britain first at heav'n's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
Arose, &c.

This

This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain;

Chorus. *Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves,
For Britons never will be slaves.*

The nations, not so blest as thee,

Must in their turn to tyrants fall,

Must in, &c.

Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free,

The dread and envy of them all,

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,

More dreadful from each foreign stroke,

More dreadful, &c.

As the loud blast that tears the skies,

Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

The haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;

All their attempts to bend thee down,

All their, &c.

Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame,

And work their woe, and thy renown.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,

Thy cities shall with commerce shine,

Thy cities, &c.

All thine shall be, shall be the subject main,

And ev'ry shore it circles, thine.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

The muses, still with freedom found,

Shall to thy happy coast repair,

Shall, &c.

Bles'd Isle! with beauties, with matchless beauties

crownd,

And manly hearts to guard the fair,

Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves,

For Britons never shall be slaves!

S O N G.—*The Fox Chase.*

RECITATIVE.

THE whistling ploughman hails the blossing dawn,
 'T'he thrush melodious drowns the rustic note,
 Loud sings the black-bird thro' resounding groves,
 And the lark soars to meet the rising sun.

A I R.

Away, to the copse lead away;
 And now, my boys, throw off the hounds
 I'll warrant he shews us some play;
 See, yonder he skulks thro' the grounds.

Then spur your brisk couriers, and smoke 'em, my bloods:
 'Tis a delicate scent-lying morn:
 What concert is equal to those of the woods,
 Betwixt echo, the hounds, and the horn?

Each earth see he tries at in vain,
 In cover no safety can find;
 So he breaks it, and scours again,
 And leaves us a distance behind.

O'er rocks, and o'er rivers, and hedges we fly,
 All hazard and danger we scorn;
 Stout Reynard we'll follow until that he die;
 Cheer up the good hounds with the horn.

And now he scarce creeps thro' the dale,
 All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue;
 His speed can no longer avail,
 Nor his life can his cunning prolong.

S O N G.—*The union of Love and Wine.*

WITH woman and wine I defy ev'ry care,
 For life without these is a bubble of air;
 For life without these, &c.
 Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll,
 And a new flow of spirits enliven my soul;
 Each helping the other, &c.

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,
 I never shall alter my conduct for them;

I care

I care not how much they my measures decline,
Let 'em have their own humour, and I will have mine.

Wine prudently us'd will our senses improve,

'Tis the spring tide of life, and the fuel of love :

And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,

As when Mars bound his head with a branch from the
vine.

Then come, my dear charmer, thou nymph half divine,
First pledge me with kisses, next pledge me with wine ;
Then giving and taking, in mutual return,
The torch of our loves shall eternally burn.

But should'st thou my passion for wine disapprove,
My bumper I'll quit to be blest with thy love ;
For rather than forfeit the joys of my last,
My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glass.

S O N G.—*The happy Life.*

IF I live to grow old, as I find I go down,

Let this be my fate in a fair country town ;

May I have a warm house, with a stone at my gate,

And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.

May I govern my passions with absolute sway,

And grow wiser and better, as my strength wears away,

Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

In a country town, by a murmuring brook,

With the ocean at distance on which I may look ;

With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,

And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile.

May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Petrarch, and one or two more

Of the best wits that liv'd in the ages before ;

With a dish of roast mutton, not ven'son, nor teal,

And clean, tho' coarse linen at every meal.

May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sunday, with stout humming liquor,

And a remnant of Latin to puzzle the vicar ;

With

With a hidden reserve of Burgundy wine,
To drink the king's health as oft as we dine.

May I govern, &c.

With courage undaunted may I face my last day;
And when I am dead may the better sort say,

In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow,
He's gone, and han't left behind him his fellow:

For he govern'd his passions with absolute sway,

And grew wiser and better as his strength wore away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

S O N G.—*The Irish Wedding.*

TH E priest of the parish rode his garene bawn,
And married young Phehim to his dear Shevan:
There was Padrig and Dermot, and ten score beside,
With long flails and pitchforks to wait on the bride:

Chorus—*You're welcome heartily, welcome Gramacree,
Welcome all of you, aye by my troth.*

There was Ellen and Roseen, and dear Shelah Wee,
O hone! 'pon my soul she's the *ausblea ma cret*,
There was patties and ratties in long legged pan,
Sat boiling on Bohroans as fast as they can.

And you're welcome, &c.

There was tuff maddhy brishea like gads I may say,
And dipt rushes platted burnt brighter than day,
Rare victuals in platters were set in a row,
And neat wooden treachers far whiter than snow.

And you're welcome, &c.

There was young cail and neales mix'd with praf-
saughwee.

Made the rarest call cannon that e'er you did see;

There was maskans of butter laid on not struans,

And good ilkea-baha serv'd up in quahaans.

And you're welcome, &c.

Take away the dishes and platters Shanceen,

Drink a health to the bride Shudunth a voorneen,
Then

Then the pipers struck up, we danc'd all in a ring,
Each maiden a queen, and each man was a king.

And you're welcome, &c.

When we fell a dancing each man gave a pogue,
To his sweet-heart that smack'd like the dab of a rogue;
We danc'd 'till we sweated, our butts they did smok,
So strong, the poor piper had like to be choak'd.

And you're welcome, &c.

When the bride and the bridegroom they pull'd off
their hose,

No person could stand for the smell of their toes,
When the bride and the bridegroom were put into bed,
She pull'd off her shift to put under her head.

And you're welcome, &c.

We kiss'd and we parted, each man took his leave,
The poor si'd bridegroom look'd wonderful grave,
So we all return'd home contented and gay,
To our ploughs and our milk-pails 'till next holiday.

*You are welcome all of you, welcome heartily,
Welcome Gramacree, eye by my troth.*

S O N G.—Phelim's Resolution.

S A Y S Phelim, in Ireland no longer I'll stay,
I've got so much money my debts I can't pay,
I will go to England and pass for a Lord,
A bag-wig by my side, on my head a long sword.

Sing Ballinamone ora, an English lady for me.

As I travel along how the people will stare,
At my coach and six horses drawn by an old mare,
I won't sleep on the road, nor make no delays,
But lest I be weary, I'll go in ten-days.

Sing Ballinamone ora, &c.

And when I arrive safe at London by sea,
I'll lodge, at St. James's, or else at Bear key;
I'll fence at assemblies, play cards at a ball,
And court some rich heiress worth nothing at all.

Sing Ballinamone ora, &c.

Each

Each day I will walk all around cross the Park,
 Each moon-shiny night, about noon when 'tis dark,
 With my coat laced over, the beaus to alarm,
 And my hat in my hand to keep my wig warm

Sing Ballinamone ora, &c.

Each night at the play in a box I will shine,
 And tell some rich widow she is more divine,
 Than Pluto or Vulcan, or the goddess of May;
 And with my fine speeches her heart I'll betray.

Sing Ballinamone ora, &c.

I'll drink her good health when I dine ev'ry morn,
 And give her a fine silver cup made of horn;
 I'll make verses on her in prose and in rhyme,
 And send her two letters by the post at one time.

Sing Ballinamone ora, &c.

Each night at her toilet when she rises from bed,
 When she combs her hands and washes her head,
 With my eyes very modest I'll stare in her face,
 And tell her for love that my guts burn and blaze,

Sing Ballinamone ora, &c.

I'll persuade her to wed in a day or two more,
 Next morning betimes, at noon about four,
 To church I will carry my beautiful bride,
 On a pillion before me, close by my left side.

Sing Ballinamone ora, &c.

And when we are married the drums they shall ring,
 The bells they shall beat, and the fiddler shall sing,
 To Dublin I'll carry my charmer straightaway,
 In the winter when they are making of hay.

Sing Ballinamone ora, &c.

My Aunt Mac Mahon I'll invite to the feast,
 Where potatoes and mutton for sauce shall be drest,
 Arrack punch made of whisky, in bumpers shall flow,
 And all my relations shall come to the show.

Sing Ballinamone ora, &c.

SONG.

S O N G. — Patie is a lover gay.

PATIE is a lover gay,

His brow is never cloudy,

His breath is sweeter than new hay,

His face is fair and ruddy :

His shape is handsome, middle size,

He's stately in his walking,

The shining of his een surprise,

'Tis heaven to hear him talking,

• Last night I met him on the baw,

Where yellow corn was growing,

There many a kindly word he spoke,

That set my heart a glowing :

He kiss'd, and vow'd he would be mine,

And lov'd me best of any,

That gave me like to sing finfine,

O corn riggs are bonny.

Let maidens of a silly mind,

Refuse what maist they're wanting,

Since we for yielding are design'd,

We chafely should be granting.

Then I'll comply and marry Patie,

And from my ockerthony;

He's free to touzle air or late,

Where corn riggs are bonny,

S O N G — The Caution.

FAIR Kitty's charms young Johnny took,

So eager he for billing;

When lo ! the nymph the swain forsook,

To shew her power of killing !

The shepherd briskly chang'd his tone,

And cry'd coquette, remember,

The lover you refus'd in June,

You'll wish for in December.

Young Johnny soon met Philomel,

Good natur'd, blishe, and bonny ;

She sooth'd the love-sick swain so well,

Proud Kate's forgot by Johnny.

Coquettes,

Coquettes, take warning, change your tune ;
 This woeful truth remember,—
 The lover you refuse in June,
 You'll wish for in December.

Alas ! poor Kate, with scythe so sharp,
 Time o'er the forehead struck her :
 And now her charms begin to warp,—
 She's in a piteous pucker.
 Coquettes, take warning, change your tune,
 This woeful truth remember,—
 The lover you refuse in June,
 You'll wish for in December.

S O N G.—*The Lovely Spring.*

THE lovely spring advancing,
 Your brows with flow'rs adorn,
 With festive mirth and dancing,
 To welcome its return.

Chorus. *The lovely Spring.*

The raging seas forget to roar,
 And smiling gently kiss the shore ;
 The clouds disperse, the sun appears,
 And every leaf new beauty wears,

The blushing rose unfolding,
 Its fragrant odour yields !
 Each eye with joy beholding,
 How Flora decks the fields.

Cold weeping winter flies away,
 Aurora paints each rising day ;
 The feather'd race rejoin the grove,
 And warble forth new songs of love.

Thus cheerful spring advancing,
 Each heart with love shall burn ;
 And festive mirth and dancing,
 Shall welcome its return.

Already see the creeping vine,
 Around the arbour fondly twine,
 May ev'ry vine large clusters bear,
 And peace and plenty crown the year.

S O N G.

S O N G.—*Dear Tom, this brown Jug.*

DEAR Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale,
(In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale)
Was once Toby Philpot, a thirsty old soul,
As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl,
In boozing about 'twas his praise to excel,
And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
In his flow'r-woven arbour, as gay as you please,
With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrow away,
And with honest old flingo was soaking his clay,
His breath doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he dy'd, full as big as a Dorchester Butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had dissolv'd it again,
A potter found out in a covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he made this brown jug;
Now sacred to friendship, to mirth and mild ale,
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale—

Vale, sweet Nan of the vale.

S O N G.—*Cupid Triumphant.*

NOW's the time for mirth and glee,
Sing, and love, and laugh with me;
'Tis my theme of story,
'Tis his Godship's fame and glory,
How all yield unto his law!

Ha! ha! ba! ha! ba! ba! ba!

O'er the grave, and o'er the gay,
Cupid takes his share of play:
He makes heroes quit their glory:
He's the God most fam'd in story;
Bending them unto his law!

Ha! ha! ba!

Sly the urchin deals his darts,
Without pity,—piercing hearts:

Cupid

Cupid triumphs over passions,
Not regarding modes or fashions.
Firmly fix'd is Cupid's law !

Ha ! ha ! &c.

Some may think these things not true,
But they're facts—'twixt me and you :
'Then, ye maids, and men, be wary,
How you meet before you marry :
Cupid's will is solely law !

Ha ! ha ! &c.

S O N G.—The Soger Lassie.

I'LL pass no dull, inglorious life,
At home I will not tarry ;
I like the drum and martial fife,
I'll to the camp with Harry :
The peaceful pipe and rustic play
No longer is my passion ;
If Harry goes, I will not stay,
For war is now the fashion.

Your Jean will not be left behind,
My heart's to fear a stranger,
High seas and rocks I'll never mind,
I'll laugh at toil and danger :
I hope he will not tell me nay,
Nor fancy I'm unsteady,
If glory calls my swain away
Love bids me to be ready.

To other lands from pleasant Tweed,
With him I must be flying,
For shady grove and painted mead,
Your Jenny won't be crying.
Till tumult's o'er, adieu to all ;
Not long I hope to tarry,
I hear the drum's enlivening call,
I must be gone with Harry.

S O N G.

FESTIVAL OF MOMUS.

S O N G.—*O! never be one.*

O! NEVER be one of those sad silly fellows,
Who always are snappish, suspicious and jealous,
Who live but to doubt,
To pine and to pout,
To take one to task,
Examine and ask

A hundred cross questions, to pick something out.

O! never, &c.

If by chance he shou'd come,
And not find her at home,

'Tis. "Madam, why so late?"

"Where the devil cou'd you wait?"

"What's been done? what's been said?"

"Zounds! I feel it on my head."

O! never, &c.

S O N G.—*To ease my heart I own'd my flame.*

TO ease my heart I own'd my flame,
And much I fear I was to blame;

For tho' love's force we're doom'd to feel,
The heart its weakness should conceal.

The blush that speaks the soften'd mind,
The sigh that notes the wish behind;
The tear which down the cheek will steal,
With cautious art we should conceal.

And yet if honour guides the youth,
And welcome love is led by truth,
With joy at Hymen's porch we kneel,
Nor strive our weakness to conceal.

S O N G.—*My Nancy leaves the rural train.*

MY Nancy leaves the rural train,
A camp's distress to prove,
All other ills she can sustain,
But living from her love.

Yet, dearest, tho' your soldier's there,
Will not your spirit fail,

F 2

To

52 FESTIVAL OF MOMUS.

To mark the hardships you must share,
Dear Nancy of the dale.

Dear Nancy, &c.

O! should you, love, each danger scorn,

Ah! how shall I secure

Your health—mid toils which you were born

To sooth—but not endure:

A thousand perils I must view,

A thousand ills assail,

Nor must I tremble e'en for you,

Dear Nancy of the dale.

S O N G.—Neatest of pretty Feet.

NEATEST of pretty feet, for dancing intended,
Accept of a partner who always was commended,

Sighting the finest dress, attentive to merit,

He likes only those who can jig about with spirit.

Take me, madam, I so glad am, that I'll cut a caper;

Stand first couple, make no scruple, strike up there,
guts & craper:

Turn about, turn about, that's right, depend on't,

Hands across, back again, and now there's an end on't.

If it should be thought that we should encore it,

Permit me to offer you lemonade before it,

Negus will make you hot, and wine is unsteady,

Your fan now will cool us both, speak when you're ready.

Take me, &c.

S O N G.—Her Mouth is the Bud of the Rose.

HER mouth, which a smile, devoid of all guile,

Half opens to view, is the bud of the rose,

Is the bud of the rose, in the morning that blows,

Impearl'd with the dew, impearl'd with the dew.

The bud of the Rose, &c.

More fragrant her breath, than the flower-scented breath,

At the dawning of day, the hawthorn in bloom,

The lilly's perfume, the lilly's perfume,

Or the blossoms of May.

SONG

S O N G.—*The Priest's advice.*

YO U know I'm your priest, and your conscience
is mine;
But if you grow wicked, that's not a good sign,
So leave off your raking and marry, a wife,
And then, my dear Darby, you're settled for life.

Sing Ballinamone ora,

A good merry wedding for me.

The banns being publish'd, to chapel we go,
The bride and the bridegroom in coats white as snow;
So modest her air, and so sheepish your look.
You out with your ring, and I pull out my book.

Sing Ballinamone ora, &c.

I humb out the place, and I then read away,
She blushes at love, and she whispers obey,
You take her dear hand to have and to hold,
I shut up my book, and I pocket your gold.

Sing Ballinamone ora,

That snag little quinea for me.

S O N G.—*The wine vault.*

CONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be,
For what can this world more afford,
Than a lass who will sociably sit on my knee,
And a cellar as sociably stor'd,

My brave boys.

My vault door is open, descend ev'ry guest;

Try that cask—aye, that cask we'll try;

'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to the taste,

And as bright as her cheeks to the eye,

My brave boys.

In a piece of slit hoop, see my candle is stuck,

I will light us each bottle to hand;

The foot of my glass for the purpose I broke,

As I hate that a bumper should stand,

My brave boys.

Astride on a butt, as a butt should be strod,

I gallop the bruster along;

F 3

Like

Like grape blessing Bacchus, the good fellow's god,
And a sentiment give, or a song,

My brave boys.

We are dry where we sit, though the oozing drops seem
With pearls the moist walls to emboss,
From the arch, dusky cobwebs in gothic taste stream
Like stucco-work cut out of mois,

My brave boys.

When the lamp is brim-ful how the taper flame shines,
Which when moisture is wanting decays ;
Replenish the lamp of my life with rich wines,
Or else there's an end of my blaze,

My brave boys.

Sound those pipes, they're in tune, and those bins are
well fill'd,

View that heap of old hock in your rear ;
Yon bottles of Burgundy, mark how they're pil'd
Like Artillery, tier over tier,

My brave boys.

My cellar's my camp, and my soldiers my stalks,
All gloriously rang'd in review ;
When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks,
As kingdoms I've yet to subdue,

My brave boys.

Like *Macedon's* madman my glass I'll enjoy,
Defying hyp, gravel, or gout ;
He cry'd when he had no more worlds to destroy,
I'll weep when my liquor is out,

My brave boys.

On their slumps some have fought, and as stoutly will I.
When reeling, I roll on the floor ;
Then my legs must be lost, so I'll drink as I lie,
And dare the best Buck to do more,

My brave boys.

'Tis my will when I die, not a tear shall be shed,
No *Hic Jacet* be cut on my stone :
But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
And say that *this drinking is done*,

My brave boys.
SO NG.

S O N G.—*Former Times.*

O The days when I was young !
 When I laugh'd in fortune's spight,
 Talk'd of love the whole day long,
 And with neGAR crown'd the night ;
 Then it was, old father Care,
 Little reck'd I of thy frown ;
 Half thy malice youth could bear,
 And the rest a bumper drown.

O the days, &c.

Truth, they say, lies in a well ;
 Why I vow I ne'er could see,
 Let the water-drinkers tell,
 There it always lay for me.
 For when sparkling wine went round,
 Never saw I falsehood's mask ;
 But still the honest truth I found,
 In the bottom of each flask.

O the days, &c.

True, at length my vigour's flown,
 I have years to bring decay ;
 Few the locks that now I own,
 And the few I have are grey.
 Yet, old Jerome, thou may'st boast,
 While thy spirits do not tire,
 Still beneath thy age's frost,
 Glows a spark of youthful fire.

*O the days, &c.*S O N G.—*Galloping Dreary Dun.*

A Master I have and I am his man,
 Galloping dreary dun,
 And he'll get a wife as fast as he can,
 With a baily,

*Gaily,**Gambe raily,**Gigging,**Niggling,**Galloping galloway, druggle-tail dreary dun.**I saddled*

I saddled his steed so fine and so gay,

Gallop'g dreary dun ;

I mounted my mule, and we rode away,

With our baily, &c.

We canter'd along until it grew dark,

Gallop'g dreary dun ;

The nightingale sung instead of the lark,

With her baily, &c.

We met with a Friar, and ask'd him our way,

Gallop'g dreary dun ;

By my Word ! says the Friar, you are both astray,

With your baily, &c.

Our journey, I fear, will do us no good,

Gallop'g dreary dun ;

We wander alone, like the babes in the wood,

With our baily, &c.

My master's a fighting, and I'll take a peep,

Gallop'g dreary dun ;

But now I think better, I better go sleep.

With my baily, &c.

S O N G.—*Lingo's Accident.*

AMO, amas,

I love a lass,

As a cedar tall and slender ;

Sweet cowslips grace

Is her nom'tive case,

And she's of the feminine gender.

CHORUS.

Rorum corum

Sunt disorum,

Harum scarum !

Dice !

Tag rag, merry derry, pettrivig and bat-band,

Hic, hoc, horum genitvoo !

Can

Can I decline,
 A nymph divine?
 Her voice as a flute is *dulcis*;
 Her *oculus* bright,
 Her *manus* white,
 And soft, when I *tazo* her pulse is.

Rorum corum, &c.

Oh, how *bella*,
 My *puella*!

I'll kiss *secula seculorum*:
 If I've luck, sir,
 She's my *uxor*,
O dies benedictorum!

Rorum corum,

S O N G.—*The Cobler's End.*

A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a stall,
 Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen and hall;
 No coin in his pocket, nor care in his pate,
 No ambition had he, and no duns at his gate.

Derry down, &c.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself happy,
 If at night he could purchase a cup of brown nappy;
 He'd laugh then and whistle, and sing too most sweet,
 Saying just to a hair I've made both ends meet.

Derry down, &c.

But love, the disturber of high and of low,
 That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau,
 He shot the poor cobbler quite through the heart,
 I wish it had hit some more ignoble part.

Derry down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
 Where a buxom young damsel continually lay,
 Her eyes shone so bright when she rose ev'ry day,
 That she shot the poor cobbler quite over the way.

Derry down, &c.

He sung her love songs as he set at his work,
 But she was as hard as a Jew, or a Turk,
 Whenever he spoke, she would frown and would flee,
 Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair.

Derry down, &c.

He

He took up his awl that he had in the world,
And to make away with himself was resolv'd.
He pierc'd thro' his body instead of the sole,
So the cobbler he dy'd, and the bell it did toll.

Derry down, &c.

And now in good will I advise as a friend,
All cobblers take notice of this cobbler's end,
Keep your hearts out of love, for we find by what's past,
That love brings us all to an end at the last.

Derry down, &c.

S O N G.—The Jolly Waterman.

AND did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,
Who at Black-friars bridge us'd for to ply?

He feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity,
Winning each heart and delighting each eye:

He look'd so neat and row'd so steadily;

The maidens all flock'd to his boat so readily;

And he ey'd the young rogues with so charming an air,
That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

What sights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry,
'Twas clean'd out so neat, and so painted withal!

He was always first oars, when the fine city ladies,

In a party to Ranelagh went or Vauxhall,

And oftentimes wou'd they be giggling and leering,

But 'twas all one to Tom, their gibing and jeering;

For loving, and liking he little did care,

For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet, but to see how strangely things happen;

As he row'd along thinking of nothing at all,

He was ply'd by a damsel so lovely and charming,

That he smil'd, and so straightway in love he did fall.

And wou'd this young damsel but banish his sorrow,

He'd wed her to night before it was morrow;

And how thou'd this waterman ever know care,

When he's marry'd and never in want of a fare?

S O N G.—As sure as a Gun.

SAYS Colin to me, I've a thought in my head,
I know a young damsel I'm dying to wed.

So

So please you, quoth I—and when'er it is done,
You'll quarrel and you'll part again, as sure as
a gun! &c.

And so when you're married, poor am'rous wight,
You'll bill it and coo it, from morning till night;
But trust me, good *Colin*, you'll find it bad fun,
Instead of which you'll fight and scratch—As sure as
a gun, &c.

But should she prove fond of her own dearest love,
And you be as supple, and as soft as her glove;
Yet be she a faint, and as chaste as a nun,—
You're fasten'd to her apron strings—As sure as a gun!

Suppose it was you then, said he, with a leer,
You stet'd not serve me so, I'm certain, my dear:
In troth, I replied, I will answer for none,—
But do as other women do—As sure as a gun!

S O N G.—The female Hunter.

A Sweet scented beau and a simp'ring young cit,
An artful attorney, a rake and a wit,
Set out on the chace in pursuit of her heart,
Whilst Chloe disdainfully laugh'd at their art,
And rous'd by the hounds to meet the sweet morn,
Tantivy, she follow'd the echoing horn.

Wit swore by his fancy, the beau by his face,
The lawyer with quibble, set out on the chace,
The cit, with exactness, made up his account,
The rake told his conquests, how vast the amount;
She laugh'd at the follies, and blith as the morn,
Tantivy, she follow'd the echoing horn.

Their clamorous noise rous'd a jolly young swain,
Hark forward, he cry'd, then bounc'd o'er the plain,
He distanc'd the wit, the cit, quibble and beau,
And won the fair nymph with hollo hillio;
Now together they sing a sweet hymn to the morn,
Tantivy, they follow the echoing horn.

S O N G.

SONG.—Under the Greenwood Tree.

YOUNG Colin having much to say,
 In secret to a maid,
 Persuaded her to leave the hay,
 And seek th' embow'ring shade;
 And after roving with his mate
 Where none could hear or see,
 Upon the velvet ground they sat
 Under the greenwood tree.

Your charms, says Colin, warm my breast,
 What must I for them give?
 Nor night nor day can I have rest,
 I can't without you live.
 My flocks, my herds, my all is thine,
 Could you and I agree,
 O say, you to my wish incline
 Under the greenwood tree.

Too late you tempt my heart, fond swain,
 The wary lass replies,
 A sad who must not sue in vain,
 Now for my favour tries;
 He bids me name the the sacred day,
 In all things we agree;
 Then why should you and I now stay
 Under the greenwood tree?

SONG.—A Bumper of good Liquor.

A BUMPER of good liquor,
 Will end a contest quicker,
 Than justice, judge, or vicar;
 So fill each cheerful glass.

So fill, &c.

But if more deep the quarrel,
 Why, sooner drain the barrel,
 Than be that hateful fellow,
 That's crabbed when he's mellow.

Why sooner, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.—Johnny comes To-morrow.

W^HISH me joy, ye nymphs and swains,
Johnny comes to-morrow;
He shall quickly glad the plains,

Banish care and sorrow;
He had left us now too long,

Robb'd us of our treasure;
But he'll bring us dance and song,

And ev'ry smiling pleasure.

If I've time I'll deck the bower,

Once my swain delighting,

Twine it round with many a flow'r,

And with sweets inviting;

There he talk'd so well of love,

Won my heart from sorrow,

There on wings of haste I'll rove,

He'll be there to-morrow.

Come, my shepherd, quickly come,

Where canst thou be staying?

Love who wants thee now at home,

Chides thy long delaying;

From to-day I'll never rove,

But be blythe and bonny;

For I never more shall live,

Without my sweetheart Johnny.

S O N G.—For Freedom and his Native Land.

M^UST peace and pleasure's melting strain,
For ever in this circle reign?

Awhile the muse with ardour glows,

To pay the debt that Britain owes,

O wave awhile your soft delights,

To praise each valiant son that fights,

And braves abroad each hostile band,

For freedom and his native land,

The soldier seeks a distant plain,

The sailor ploughs the boist'rous main,

Their toil domestic ease secures,

The labour theirs, the pleasure yours;

Then

FESTIVAL OF MOMUS.

Then change awhile your soft delights,
To praise each valiant son that fights,
And braves abroad each hostile band,
For Freedom and his native land.

Ye wealthy, who domestic sweets,
Enjoy within your gay retreats,
Think, think on those who guard the shore,
Whence unmolested springs your store:
And change awhile your soft delights,
To praise each valiant son that fights,
And braves abroad each hostile band,
For freedom and his native land.

Ye swains, who haunt the shady grove,
And tranquil breathe your vows of love,
Who hear not war's tremendous voice,
But in the arms of peace rejoice;
Change, change awhile your soft delights,
To praise each valiant son that fights,
And braves abroad each hostile band,
For freedom and his native land.

And ye, who in this frolic train,
Inspir'd with music's sprightly strain,
And wild with pleasure's airy round,
Bid flowing bowls with love be crown'd;
Amid your social dear delights,
Remember him who boldly fights,
And braves abroad each hostile band,
For freedom and his native land.

S O N G.—*Young I am, and sore afraid.*

YOUNG I am, and sore afraid:
Wou'd you hurt a harmless maid?
Lead an innocent astray?
Tempt me not, kind sir, I pray.

Men too often we believe?
And thou'd you my faith deceive,
Ruin first, and then forsake,
Sure my tender heart wou'd break.

S O N G.

S O N G.—*Somebody my Spindle I mislaid.*

SOME how my spindle I mislaid,
And lost it underneath the grass,
Damon advancing, bow'd his head,

And said; what seek you, pretty lass?

*A little love, but urg'd with care,
Oft leads a heart, and leads it far.*

'Twas passing by yon spreading oak

That I my spindle lost just now;

His knife then kindly Damon took,

And from the tree he cut a bough:

A little love, &c.

Thus did the youth his time employ,

While me he tenderly beheld;

He talk'd of love, I leap'd for joy,

For ah! my heart did fondly yield,

A little love, &c.

S O N G.—*Amanda.*

O Wait me, zephyr, give me ease,

Fan me with thy gentle breeze;

O bear me to some flow'ry bed,

Where Roses all their odour shed.

S O N G.—*When you meet a tender creature.*

WHEN you meet a tender creature,
Neat in limb and fair in feature,

Full of kindness and good nature,

Prove as kind again to her:

Happy mortal to possess her,

In your bosom warm to press her;

Morning, noon, and night caress her,

And be as fond as fond can be.

Morning, &c.

But if one you meet that's froward,

Saucy, jilting, and untoward,

Shou'd you act the whining coward,

'Tis to mend her, ne'er the whilst:

G 2

Nothing's

Nothing's tough enough to bind her,
Then agog, when once you find her,
Let her go, and never mind her,
Heart alive, you're fairly quit.

S O N G.—*My name's Ted Blarney.*

MY name's Ted Blarney I'll be bound,
And man and boy upon this ground,
Full twenty years I've beat my round,
Crying, Vauxhall watch.

And as that time's a little short
With some small folks that here resort,
To be sure I have not had some sport,
Crying, Vauxhall watch.

Oh! of pretty wenches dress'd so tight,
And macaronies what a sight
Of a moon-light morn I've bid good night,
Crying, Vauxhall watch.

S O N G.—*Give Isaac the Nymph.*

GIVE Isaac the nymph who no beauty can boast,
But health and good humour to make her his toast;
If straight If don't mind, whether slender or fat,
Or six foot or four, we'll ne'er quarrel for that.

We'll ne'er, &c.

Whate'er her complexion I vow I don't care,
If brown it is lasting, more pleasing if fair;
And tho' in her cheeks I no dimples shoud see,
Let her smile, and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her, &c.

I let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,
And her eyes may be, faith, any colour but green;
For in eyes tho' so various the lustre and hue,
I swear I've no choice, only let her have two.

'Tis true I'd dispense with a throne on her back;
And white teeth I own, are ge nteeler than black;
A little round chin too's a beauty I've heard,
But I only desire—she mayn't have a beard.

S O N G.

S O N G.—O had my Love.

O HAD my love ne'er smit'd on me,
I ne'er had known such anguish;
But think how false, how cruel she,
To bid me cease to languish:
To bid me hope her hand to gain,
Breathe on a flame half-perish'd,
And then with cold and fix'd disdain,
To kill the hope she cherish'd.

Not worse his fate, who on a wreck
That drove as winds did blow it,
Silent had left the shatter'd deck,
To find a grave below it:
When land was cried, no more resign'd,
He glow'd with joy to hear it.
Not worse his fate, his woe to find,
The wreck must sink ere near it.

S O N G.—I once was a Maiden.

I ONCE was a maiden as fresh as a rose,
And as fickle as April weather,
I laid down without care, and I wak'd with repose,
With a heart as light as a feather.

With a heart, &c.

I work'd with the girls, and I play'd with the men,
I always was romping or spinning.
And what if they pilfer'd a kiss now and then,
I hope 'twas not very great sinning.

I hope, &c.

I wedded a husband as young as myself,
And for every frolic as willing,
Together we laugh'd when we had any pelf,
And we laugh'd when we had not a shilling.

And we, &c.

He's gone to the wars, heav'n send him a prize,
For his pains she is welcome to spend it,
My example I know is more merry than wise,
Lord help me I never shall mend it.

Lord help, &c.

S O N G.—*When first this bumble Roof I knew.*

WHEN first this humble roof I knew,
With various cares I strove,
My grain was scarce, my sheep were few,
My all of life was love.

By mutual toil our board was dress'd,
The spring our drink bestow'd;
But when her lip the brim had press'd,
The cup with nectar flow'd

Content and peace the dwelling shar'd,
No other guest came nigh,
In them was giv'n (tho' gold was spar'd)
What gold could never buy.
No value has a splendid lot,
But as the means to prove
That from the castle to the cot,
The all of life was love.

S O N G.—*Black eyed Susan.*

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd *Susan* came on board,
Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet *William* sails among your crew?

William, who high upon the yard,

Rock'd by the billows to and fro,

Soon as her well known voice he heard,

He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;

The rope slides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,

And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark high pois'd in air,

Shuts close his pinions to his breast,

If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear,

And drops at once into her nest—

The noblest captain in the *British* fleet,

Might envy *William's* lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan!

O *Susan*! lovely dear!

My vows shall ever true remain;

Let me kiss off that falling tear:

We only part to meet again.

Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be

The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,

Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;

They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,

In every port a mistress find;

Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,

For thou art present wherefoe'er I go.

If to fair *India's* coast we sail,

Thine eyes are seen in diamonds bright;

Thy breath is *Afric's* spicy gale;

Thy skin is ivory so white:

Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,

Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely *Sue*.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,

Let not my pretty *Susan* mourn:

Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms,

William shall to his dear return:

Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,

Left precious tears should drop from *Susan's* eye.

The boatwain gave the dreadful word,

The sails their swelling bosom spread;

No longer must she stay on-board;

'They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head:

Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land:

Adieu! she cry'd, and wav'd her lily hand.

S O N G.—*Plato's Advice*.

S A Y S *Plato*, why should man be vain,

Since bounteous heav'n hath made him great?

Why look with insolent disdain

On those undeck'd with wealth or state?

Can costly robes, or beds of down,

Or all the gems that deck the fair:

Can

FESTIVAL OF MOMUS.

Can all the glories of a crown
Give health, or ease the brow of care?

The scepter'd king, the burden'd slave,

The humble and the haughty die;

The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,

In dust, without distinction lie.

Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,

Who once the greatest titles wore,

Of wealth and glory they're bereft,

And all their honours are no more.

So flies the meteor thro' the skies,

And spreads along a gilded train:

When shot—'tis gone; its beauty dies,

Dissolv'd, to common air again:

So 'tis with us, my jovial souls,

Let friendship reign, while here we stay:

Let's crown our joy with flowing bowls;

When Jove commands we must obey.

S O N G.—*Save Women and Wine.*

SA V E women and wine there is nothing in life,

That can bribe honest souls to endure it;

When the heart is perplex'd, and surrounded with care,

Dear women and wine only cure it.

Come on then, my boys, we'll have women and wine,

And wisely to purpose employ them;

He's a fool that refuses such blessings divine,

Whilst vigour and health can enjoy them.

Our wine shall be old, bright and sound, my dear Jack,

To heighten our am'rous fires;

Our girls plump and sound, shall kiss with a smack,

And gratify all our desires.

S O N G.—*What a charming thing's a Battle.*

WHAT a charming thing's a battle,

Trumpets sounding, drums & beating;

Crack,

Crack, crack, crack, the cannons rattle,

Every heart with joy elating,

With what pleasure are we spying,

From the front, and from the rear,

Round us in the smoaky air,

Heads and limbs and bullets flying !

Then the groans of soldiers dying,

Just like sparrows as it were,

At each pop,

Hundreds drop,

While the muskets prattle prattle :

Kill'd and wounded,

Lie confounded :

What a charming thing's a battle !

But the pleasant joke of all,

Is when to close attack we fall !

Like mad bulls each other butting,

Shooting, stabbing, maiming, cutting ;

Horse and foot,

All go to't,

Kill's the word both men and cattle :

Then to plunder,

Blood and thunder,

What a charming thing's a battle !

S O N G.—Well, well, say no more.

WELL, well, say no more ;

So you told me before,

I know the full length of my tether.

Do you think I'm a fool,

That I need go to school ?

I can spell you and put you together,

A word to the wife,

Will always suffice ;

Adds sniggers ! go talk to your parrot,

I'm not such an elf,

Tho' I say't myself,

But I know a sheep's head from a carrot.

S O N G.

SONG.—Fair Hebe.

FAIR *Hebe* I left with a cautious design,
To escape from her charms, and to drown 'em in
wine :

I try'd it, but found, when I came to depart,
The wine in my head, and still love in my heart.
I repair'd to my reason, intreated her aid,
Who paus'd on my case, and each circumstance weigh'd,
Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my pra'yr,
That *Hebe* was fairest of all that was fair.

That's a truth, reply'd I, I've no need to be taught,
I came for your counsel to find out a fault.
If that's all, quoth Reason, return as you came,
To find fault with *Hebe* would forfeit my name.
What hopes then, alas ! of relief from my pain,
While like lightning the darts thro' each throbbing vein ?
While no cure I can meet with from wine, or from arms,
My senses confirm me a slave to her charms.

SONG.—The Bee.

A BUSY humble Bee am I,
That range the garden funny ;
From flow'r to flow'r I changing fly,
And ev'ry flow'r's my honey.

Bright Chloë, with her golden hair,

A while my rich jonquil is,
Till, cloy'd with sipping Nectar, there,
I shift to rosy Phillis.

I shift, &c.

But Phillis's sweet opening breast,

Remains not long my station ;

For Kitty must be now address'd,

My spicy breath'd carnation.

Yet Kitty's fragrant bed I leave,

To other flow'rs I'm rover

And all in turns my love receives

The gay wide garden over.

The gay, &c.

Variety that knows no bound,
My roving fancy edges,

And

And oft with Flora I am found,
In dalliance under hedges;

For as I am an arant Bee,

Who range each bank that's funny,

Both fields and gardens are my fee,

And ev'ry flow'r's my honey.

And ev'ry, &c.

S O N G.—*He's at tight a lad.*

HE's as tight a lad to see to,
As e'er stepp'd in leather shoe;

And what's better, he loves me too,

And to him I'll prove true-blue,

Tho' my sister casts an hawk's eye,
I defy what she can do;

He o'relook'd the little doxy,

I'm the girl he means to woo.

Hither I stole out to meet him;

He'll no doubt my steps pursue,

If the youth prove true, I'll fit him;

If he's false—I'll fit him too.

S O N G.—*This cold flinty heart.*

THIS cold flinty heart it is you who have warm'd,
You waken'd my passions, my senses have charm'd;

In vain against merit and *Cymon* I strove,

What's life without passion, sweet passion of love?

The frost nips the bud, and the rose cannot blow,

From youth that is frost-nipt no raptures can flow;

Elysium to him but a desert will prove:

What's life without passion, sweet passion of love?

The spring should be warm, the young season be gay,

Her birds and her flow'rets make blithsome sweet May;

Love blesses the cottage, and sings thro' the grove,

What's life without passion, sweet passion of love?

What's life, &c.

S O N G.

S O N G.—*Hark the horn calls away.*

H A R K, the horn calls away;
Come the grave, come the gay;
Wake to music that wakens the skies,
Quit the bondage of sloth, and arise,

A I R.

From the east breaks the morn,
See the sun beams adorn

The wild heath and the mountains so high,
The wild, &c.

Shrilly opes the staunch hound,
The fleet neighs to the sound,
And the floods and the vallies reply.

And the floods, &c.

Our forefathers so good
Prov'd their greatness of blood,
By encount'ring the hart and the boar,

By encount'ring, &c.

Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
Age and youth urg'd the chase,
And taught woodlands and forests to roar,

And taught, &c.

Hence, of noble descent,
Hills and wilds we frequent,
Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd,

Where the, &c.

Tho' in life's busy day,
Man of man makes a prey,
Still let our's be the prey of the field,

Still let ours, &c.

With the chace full in sight,
Gods ! how great the delight !
How our mortal sensations refine !

How our, &c.

Where

Where is care, where is fear ?

Like the winds in the rear,

And the man's lost in something divine,

And the man's, &c.

Now to horse, my brave boys :

Lo each pants for the joys,

That anon shall enliven the whole,

That anon, &c.

That at eve we'll dismount,

Toils and pleasures recount,

And renew the chace over the bowl.

And renew, &c.

S O N G.—A Soldier's song.

HE comes, he comes, the hero comes !

Sound, sound the trumpets, beat, beat the drums ;

From port to port let cannons roar,

He's welcome to the British shore.

Prepare, prepare, your songs prepare ;

Loud, loudly rend the echoing air :

From pole to pole your joys resound,

For virtue's his, with glory crown'd.

S O N G.—If love's a sweet Passion.

IF love's a sweet passion, how can it torment ?

If bitter, O'tell me whence comes my content ;

Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,

Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain ?

Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,

That at once it both wounds me and tickles my heart.

I grasp her hand gently, look languishing down,

And by passionate silence I make my love known ;

But oh ! how I'm blest, when so kind she does prove,

By some willing mistake to discover her love ;

When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,

And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name !

How pleasing is beauty ! how sweet are her charms !

Her embraces how joyful ! how peaceful her arms !

H

Sure,

Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love ;
 'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above :
 And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield ;
 For 'tis beauty that conquers and keeps the fair field.

S O N G.—*How happy were my days till now.*

HO W happy were my days till now !
 I ne'er did sorrow feel ;
 With joy I rose to milk my cow,
 Or turn my spinning wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,
 Like any bird I sung,
 Till he pretended love, and I
 Believ'd his flatter'ing tongue.

O ! the fool ! the silly, silly fool,
 Who trusts what man may be !
 I wish I was a maid again,
 And in my own country.

S O N G.—*A Plague of these Wenches.*

A PLAGUE of these wenches they make such a
 pother,

When once they have let'n a man have his will ;

They're always a whining for something or other,

And cry he's unkind in his carriage.

What tho' he speak 'em ne'er so fairly,

Still they keep teasing, teasing on,

You cannot persuade 'em ;

'Till promise you've made 'em ;

And after they've got it,

They'll tell you—ad rot it !

Their character's blasted, they're ruin'd, undone :

And then, to be sure, sir,

There is but one cure sir,

And all their discourse is of marriage.

S O N G.—*Come rouse Brother Sportsman.*

COME, rouse, brother sportsman, the hunters all cry
 We've got a good scent, and a fav'ring sky ;
 The

The horn's sprightly notes, and the lark's early song,
Will chide the dull sportsmen for sleeping so long.

Bright Phœbus has shewn us the glimpse of his face,
Peep'd in at our windows, and calls to the chace;
He soon will be up, for his dawn wears away,
And makes the fields blush with the beams of his ray.

Sweet Molly may tease you, perhaps to lie down;
And if you refuse her, perhaps she may frown;
But tell her, that love must to hunting give place;
For as well as her charms, there are charms in the chace.

Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard I spy;
At his brush nimbly follow brisk Chanter and Fly;
They seize on their prey, see his eye balls they roll;
We're in at the death—now let's home to the bowl.

There we'll fill up our glasses, and toast to the King,
From a bumper fresh loyalty ever will spring;
To George peace and glory may Heaven dispense,
And foxhunters flourish a thousand years hence.

S O N G.—Hark the Huntsman's begun.

HARK! the huntsman's begun to sound the shrill
horn,

Come quickly unkennel your hounds;
'Tis a beautiful glittering, golden ey'd morn,
We'll chase the fox over the grounds.

See yonder sits Reynard, so crafty and sly,
Come saddle your couriers apace;
The hounds have a scent, and are all in full cry,
They long to be giving him chace.

The huntmen are mounted, the steed feels the spur,
And quickly they scour it along;
Rapid after the fox runs each musical cur,
Follow, follow, my boys, is the song.

O'er mountains and vallies we skim it away,
Now Reynard's almost out of sight;
But sooner than lose him we'll spend the whole day
In hunting, for that's our delight.

H 2

By

By eager pursuing we'll have him at last,

He's too tired, poor rogue, down he lies ;

Now starts up afresh, and young Snap has him fast,

He trembles, kicks, struggles, and dies.

S O N G.—Come, rouse from your trances.

COME, rouse from your trances !

The fly morn advances,

To catch sluggish mortals in bed ;

Let the horn's jocund note

In the wind sweetly float,

While the fox from the brake lifts his head ;

Now creeping,

Now peeping,

The fox from the brake lifts his head ;

Each away to his feed,

Your goddess shall lead,

Come follow, my worshippers, follow,

For the chace all prepare,

See the hounds snuff the air,

Hark, hark, to the huntsman's sweet hallo !

Hark Jowler, hark Rover,

See Reynard breaks cover,

The hunters fly over the ground ;

Now they skim o'er the plain,

Now they dart down the lane,

And the hills, woods, and vallies resound :

With dashing,

And splashing,

The hills, woods, and vallies resound ;

Then away with full speed,

Your goddess shall lead,

Come follow, my worshippers, follow ;

O'er hedges, ditch, and gate,

If you stop, you're too late,

Hark, hark, to the huntsman's sweet hallo !

S O N G.—Maidens, let your Lovers languish.

M

AIDENS, let your lovers languish,

If you'd have them constant prove ;

Doubt

Doubts and fears, and sighs and anguish,
Are the chains that fasten love.

Jockey woo'd, and I consented,

Soon as e'er I heard his tale,

He with conquest quite contented,

Boasting, rov'd around the vale.

Maidens, let your lovers, &c.

Now he doats on scornful Molly,

Who reflects him with disdain ;

Love's a strange bewitching folly,

Never pleas'd without some pain.

Maidens, let your lovers, &c.

S O N G.—The Wanton God.

THE wanton god, who pierces hearts,
Dips in gall his pointed darts ;

But the nymph disdains to pine,

Who bathes the wound with rosy wine ;

Rosy wine, rosy wine,

Who bathes the wound with rosy wine !

Farewel-lovers when they're cloy'd,

If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd,

Sure the squeamish fops are free

To rid me of dull company ;

Sure they're free, sure they're free,

To rid me of dull company.

They have charms, whilst mine can please ;

I love them much, but more my ease :

No jealous fears my love molest,

Nor faithless vows shall break my rest ;

Break my rest, break my rest,

Nor faithless vows shall break my rest,

Why should they e'er give me pain,

Who to give me joy disdain ?

All I hope of mortal man,

Is to love me while he can :

While he can, while he can,

Is to love me while he can.

H 3

S O N 3.

S O N G.—*Let us in tuneful tributes hail.*

LET us in tuneful tributes hail
The charming scenes of Bloomingdale,
Where health, which joyful labour yields,
And plenty decks the smiling fields!
With festive sports, with dance and song,
We cheer our happy village throng:
While *she* that owns this noble seat
Delight to blest her tenants' fate.

Chorus. *Then let our tuneful tributes hail
The charming scenes of Bloomingdale.*

The friendly dome and landscape round,
With every charm and blessing crown'd!
Afford each raptur'd sense delight,
Enhance the soul, and please the sight!
While feather'd warblers here and there,
Our hearts for tender thoughts prepare:
But *she* that owns those rural charms
Here shuns the world and love's alarms.

Chorus. *Whilst we in tuneful tributes hail.
The charming scenes of Bloomingdale.*

S O N G.—*He found me in a Country.*

HE found me in a country now famous in story,
For losing the *substance*, for the *shadow* of glory!
And I, 'mongst the legions, to Britain true and loyal,
There ventur'd life and all, to prop the standard royal.

Bow, wow, wow, wow, &c.

And now free from care, or the wealth that bewitches
My all's on my back, and my knapsack's my riches:
Quite happy in serving my king, and my master,
I thank my *kind stars* for each former disaster.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

S O N G.—*When Cupid does first.*

WHEN Cupid does first our young bosoms inspire,
How *pure* and how *bright* is the innocent fire!

No

No mean sordid passion then preys on the heart,
That's rous'd by his tumults and stung by his dart,
But pain mix'd with transport, and love without art,
A sigh or a glance, each other entrance!

With a fond mutual flame.

But ah! when *Mature*, how mistrust and deceit,
The union of Cupid and Hymen defeat.

And yet 'tis in vain, 'tis in vain to disguise,
That we mask both our thoughts, and the language of
eyes,

As love, mighty love, all evasions defies.

For we pant, wish, and languish in eloquent sighs,

S O N G.—*Would you know how.*

WOULD you know how the time in our chib
rolls along,

Bring hither your tankard, your joke and your song!

Then come and be merry, my social wet souls,

Here's ale bright as nectar, and punch in our bowls!

A pipe and good humour still keep us in tune,

And we smoke, laugh, and drink from December to
June.

Chorus. *A pipe and good humour, &c.*

The cares of ambition, and ruling the state,

We leaving to the proud, to the venal and great!

Who scramble for honours, promotions and wealth,

To lose peace of mind, and the comforts of health!

But *here* quite contented we ask but this boon,

To smoke, laugh and drink from December to June,
But here quite contented, &c.

S O N G.—*The meadows look chearful.*

THE meadows look chearful, the birds sweetly sing,

So gaily they carrol the praises of spring;

Tho' nature rejoices, poot Norah shall mourn,

Untill her dear Patrick again shall return.

Ye lasses of Dublin, ah, hide your gay charms,

Nor lure her dear Patrick, from Norah's fond arms;

Tho' fattens, and ribbons, and laces are fine,

They hide not a heart with such feelings as mine.

S O N G.

S O N G.—Tho' late I was plump, round and jolly.

TH O' late I was plump, round and jolly,
I now am as thin as a rod;
Oh! I'm afraid that this same melancholy,
Will soon leave me under the sod

*Dootberum, doodle-idgeity, naidgety, tragedy, rum,
Gooferum, foodle-idgeity, fidgeity, naidgety, mum.*

Dear Kathleen, then why would you flout me,
A boy that is cozey and warm;
I've every thing decent about me,
My snug little cabbin and farm,

Dootberum, &c.

What tho' I have not sav'd much money,
No duns in my chamber attend;
On Sunday I ride on my pony,
And still have a bit for a friend.

Dootberum, &c.

The cock courts his hets all around me,
The sparrow, the pigeon and dove;
Oh! how all this courtship confounds me,
For want of the girl that I love!

Dootberum, &c.

S O N G.—When William at eve.

WHEN William at eve meets me down at the stile,
How sweet is the Nightingale's song!
Of the day I forget all the labour and toil,
Whilst the moon plays yon branches among.

By her beams, without blushing, I hear him complain,
And believe ev'ry word of his song:
You know not how sweet 'tis to love the dear swain,
Whilst the moon plays yon branches among.

S O N G.—The Maid of the Mill.

I'VE kiss'd and I've prattled with fifty fair maids,
And chang'd 'em full oft, as you see,
But of all the fair maidens that dance on the green,
The maid of the mill for me.

There

There's fifty young men have told me fine tales,
And call'd me the fairest she;

But of all the gay wrestlers that sport on the green,
Young Harry's the lad for me,

Her eyes are as black as the sloe in the hedge,

Her face like the blossoms in May;

Her teeth are as white as the new-horn flock,

Her breath like the new made hay.

He's tall, and he's strait as the poplar tree,

His cheeks are as fresh as the rose;

He looks like a squire of high degree

When dress'd in his Sunday cloaths.

S O N G.—Glittering trifter, Sport of fashion.

GLITTERING trifter, sport of fashion,

Gaudy insect ever ranging;

For some other feign a passion,

Free me in thy fancy changing.

Love ne'er blooms where men are wanting,

Then how vain tyrannic power!

Is the soil unkind for planting,

Who can raise the blooming flower.

Self-enamoured swain all fighting,

Gazing tender admiration;

In our eyes their image-eying,

There they pay their adoration.

True love I will not believe you,

While you love yourself so dearly,

If I hate I don't deceive you,

Yet I fear I love sincerely.

S O N G.—Egad we had a glorious Feast.

EGAD we had a glorious feast,

So good in kind so nicely dress'd,

Our liquor too was of the best—I'll tell ye,

One leg of mutton, two fat geese,

With beans and bacon, ducks and pease,

In short we'd every thing to please,

The

The clock struck twelve in merry chime,
The priest said grace in Saxon rhyme,
Says I to me this is no time——for playing.
The room was full when I came in,
But soon I napkin'd up my chin,
With knife and fork I now begin——to lay in.

The curate who at such a rate,
Of dues and tythe pigs us'd to prate.
In silence sat behind his plate——a peeping,
Most churchmen like the vicar too
A shepherd to his flock below,
Like any wolf good mutton now——was deep in,

We nodded health, for no one spoke,
The cloth roll'd off we crack'd a joke.
And drink the king, and sing and smoke——tobacco,
Our reck'ning out, they call a whip,
I steal my hat and home I trip,
My pretty Maud your velvet lip——to smack-o.

S O N G.—*Your Worship your wings may clap.*

YOUR Worship your wings may clap,
And think yourself a great city cock

You'll never my Maud entrap,

For she is the hen of pretty cock.

Your worship, &c.

Have done with your winks and your leers,

For Tom is a taylor that's knowing sir;

He'll trim you himself with his sheers,

And then you'll have done with your crowing sir.

Your worship, &c.

My wife is a white-legged fowl,

Can bill like a thrush or dove in tree,

But never will pair with an owl,

My worshipful mayor of Coventry.

Your Worship, &c.

S O N G.—*When I was a younker.*

WHEN I was a younker and liv'd with my Dad,
The neighbour's all thought me a smart little lad,
My

FESTIVAL OF MOMUS.

My mammy she call'd me a white headed boy,
Because with the girls I lik'd for to toy.
There was Ciss, Priss, Letty, and Betty and Doll,
With Mog, Peg, Jenny and Winny and Moll,
*I flatter their chatter so sprightly and gay,
I rumble 'em, tumble 'em that's my way.*

One fine frosty morning a going to school,
Young Moggy I met and she called me a fool,
Her mouth was my primmer, a lesson I took;
I swore it was pretty and kiss'd the book;
But school, fool, primmer, and trimmer and birch,
And boys for the girls I have left in the lurch.
I flatter, &c.

'Tis very well known I can dance a good jig,
And at cudgels from Robin I won a fat pig,
I wrestle a fall, and a bar I can sling,
And when o'er a flaggon most sweetly can sing.
But pig, jig, wicket, and cricket and ball,
I'd give up to wrestle with Moggy of all.
I flatter, &c.

S O N G.—*Assist me ye Lads.*

ASSIST me ye lads, that have hearts free from
guile,
To sing the just praise of Hibernia's isle;
Where true hospitality opens each door,
And Friendship detains us for one bottle more.

CHORUS.

Keith mella saltarath one bottle more,
Shaugh—Dr, Dorus—o'er and o'er:
Tho' commerce declines, we have credit galore,
And generous hearts to give one bottle more.

Dicky Twiss, your vile taunts on our country forbear,
With our bulls and our brogues we are true and sincere;
And if but one gallon remains in our store,
Our friends shall not part without one bottle more,
Keith mella, &c.

At

84 FESTIVAL OF MOMUS.

At Candy's in Church-Street, could shew you a feat,
Where five of us Irishmen lately did meet ;
At gallons a piece we all paid off our score,
And nothing remained but one bottle more.

Keith mella, &c.

At five in the morning we strove for to part,
But Friendship did grapple each man by the heart,
Whose slightest touch makes a brave Irishman roar,
With a whack for Shillelah and one dozen more.

Keith mella, &c.

When Sol darts his beams thro' our windows so bright,
Well pleas'd to behold us lov'd children of night,
We part with our hearts neither sorry nor fore,
But long, soon again, to take one dozen more.

Keith mella, &c.

SONG.—Hail Politeness.

HAIL, politeness ! power divine,
We'll pleas'd we bend before thy shrine ;
Studious of the true Bon ton,
Lovers of a cotillon.

Flaunting belles and powder'd beaus,
House wives drest in Sunday cloaths ;
Spruce mechanicks, old and young,
Learn to dance a cotillon.

Lawyers, doctors, leave their fees,
Carefully to dance with these ;
Nimbly how they trip along,
In the charming cotillon.

High and low, and rich and poor,
Think on humble joys no more ;
All with dancing madness stung,
Doating on a cotillon.

Bath and Tunbridge Wells adieu,
For no more we think on you,
True politeness is our own,
Since we've learn'd a cotillon.

SONG.

S O N G.—Had Neptune when first.

HAD Neptune, when first he took charge of the sea,
 Been as wise, or at least been as merry as we,
 He'd have thought better on't, and instead of his brine,
 Would have fill'd the vast ocean with generous wine.

What trafficking then would have been on the main,
 For the sake of good liquor, as well as for gain !
 No fear then of tempest, or danger of sinking ;
 The fishes ne'er drown that are always a drinking.

The hot thirsty sun then would drive with more haste,
 Secure in the evening of such a repast ;
 And when he'd got tipsey would have taken his nap,
 With double the pleasure in Thetis's lap.

By the force of his rays, and thus heated with wine,
 Consider how glorious Phœbus would shine ;
 What vast exhalations he'd draw up on high,
 To relieve the poor earth as it wanted supply.

How happy us mortals, when blest with such rain,
 To fill all our vessels and fill them again !
 Nay, even the beggar that has ne'er a dish,
 Might jump in the river and drink like a fish.

What mirth and contentment on every brow,
 Hob, as great as a prince, dancing after the plough !
 The birds in the air as they play on the wings,
 Altho' they but sip, would eternally sing.

The stars, who I think don't to drinking incline,
 Would frisk and rejoice at the fume of the wine ;
 And, merrily twinkling, would soon let us know,
 That they were as happy as mortals below.

Had this been the case, what had we enjoy'd ?
 Our spirits still rising, our fancy ne'er cloy'd !
 A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his power,
 To slip, like a fool, such a fortunate hour.

S O N G.—*Leave neighbours, your work.*

LEAVE, neighbours, your work, and to sport
and to play,
Let the tabor strike up, and the village be gay;
No day thro' the year shall more cheerful be seen,
For Ralph of the mill marries Sue of the green.

I love Sue and Sue loves me,

And while the wind blows,

And while the mill goes,

Who'll be so happy, so happy as we?

Let lords and fine folks who for wealth take a bride,
Be marry'd to day, and to-morrow be cloy'd;
My body is stout, and my health is as sound;
And my love like my courage will never give ground.

I love Sue, &c.

Let ladies of fashion the best jointures wed,
And prudently take the best bidders to bed:
Such singing and sealing's no part of our bliss,
We settle our hearts, and we seal with a kiss.

I love Sue, &c.

Tho' Ralph is not courtly, nor one of your beaux,
Nor bounces nor flatters, nor wears your fine cloaths;
Yet nothing he'll borrow from folks of high life,
Nor e'er turn his back on his friend or his wife.

I love Sue, &c.

While thus I am able to work at my mill;
While thus thou art kind, and thy tongue but lie still;
Our joys shall continue and ever be new,
And none be so happy as Ralph and his Sue.

I love Sue, &c.

S O N G.—*When innocent pastime.*

WHEN innocent pastime our pleasure did crown,
Upon a green meadow or under a tree,
Ere Nanny became a fine lady in town,
How lovely and loving and bonny was she!
Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Nanny,

Let

Let no new whim take thy fancy from me,

Oh ! as thou art bonny, be faithful as any,

Favour thy Jemmy, favour thy Jemmy,

Favour thy Jemmy who doats upon thee.

Can the death of a linnet give Nanny the spleen,

Can losing of trifles a heart-aching be ?

Can lap-dogs and monkies draw tears from those e'en,

That look with indifference on poor dying me ?

Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Nanny,

Scorn to prefer a vile parrot to me,

Oh ! as thou art bonny be faithful as any,

Think on thy Jemmy, think on thy Jemmy,

Think on thy Jemmy who doats upon thee.

O think, my dear charmer, on ev'ry sweet hour,

That slid away softly between thee and me,

Ere squirrels and beaux and their fopp'ry had pow'r

To rival my love and impose upon thee.

Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Nanny,

Let thy desires be all centered in me,

Oh ! as thou art-bonny be prudent as any.

Love thy own Jemmy, love thy own Jemmy,

Love thy own Jemmy who doats upon thee.

S O N G. Damon and Fibrella.

He. **C**AST, my love, thine eyes around,

See the sportive lambskins play :

Nature gaily decks the ground,

All in honour of the May :

Like the sparrow and the dove,

Listen to the voice of love.

She. Damon, thou hast found me long,

Lift'ning to thy soothing tale,

And thy soft persuasive tongue,

Often held me in the dale :

Take, oh ! Damon, while I live,

All which virtue ought to give.

He. Not the verdure of the grove,

Not the garden's fairest flow'r,

Nor the meads, where lovers rove,

Tempted by the vernal hour,

Can delight thy Damon's eye,

If Florella is not by.

She. Not the water's gentle fall,

By the bank with poplars crown'd ;

Not the feather'd songsters all,

Nor the flute's melodious sound,

Can delight Florella's ear,

If her Damon is not near.

Both. Let us love, and let us live,

Like the cheerful season gay,

Banish care, and let us give,

Tribute to the fragrant May ;

Like the sparrow and the dove,

Listen to the voice of love.

S O N G. — Come, my good Shepherds.

COME, come, my good Shepherds, our flocks we
must shear,

In your holiday suits with your lasses appear :

The happiest of folks are the guiltless and free ;

And who are so guiltless, so happy, as we ?

We harbour no passions by luxury taught ;

We practise no arts with hypocritry fraught :

What we think in our hearts you may read in our eyes,

For, knowing no falsehood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led ;

But we all the children of nature are bred :

By her hands alone we are painted and dress'd,

For the roses will bloom when there's peace in the breast.

The giant, ambition, we never can dread ;

Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head ;

Content and sweet cheerfulness open our door ;

They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal ;

Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we feel ;

So

So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
And leave to fine folk to deceive and betray.

S O N G.—*Captain and Miss.*

AS a certain young Captain, in scarlet array,
Was saunt'ring along the cool meadow one day;
He met a young damsel all clothed in green,
Like Venus in beauty, like Pallas in mien.

Derry down, &c.

Our hero, whom story says, took more delight
To thrust with a lady, than thrust in a fight,
Was struck with her figure, as he had struck her,
So 'twas servant sweet maiden, and servant sweet sir.

Derry down, &c.

When passions grow mutual, love's sure of success;
The youth whisper'd something, but what you may
guess;

And the nymph, for they'll sometimes be prudish you
know,

Agreed not, deny'd not, but answer'd—high—ho!

Derry down, &c.

A grove was adjoining, this couple went there,
But what follow'd after I need not declare;

The fair was so pleas'd that her tongue was quite
mute,

And the Captain, they say, made a pretty salute.

Derry down, &c.

The sport being o'er, she cried, kiss again,—come
I'll follow my dear by the sound of the drum:

I'll range the world o'er for such pleasure as this;

So here's a good health to the Captain and Miss.

Derry down, &c.

S O N G.—*The merry Fellow.*

HE that will not merry merry be
With a gen'rous bowl and a toast,
May he in Bridewell be shut up,
And fast bound to a post.

I 3

Let

Let him be merry merry there,
And we'll be merry merry here ;
For who can know where we shall go,
To be merry another year ?

He that will not merry merry be,
And take his glass in course,

May he be obliged to drink small beer,
With ne'er a penny in his purse.

Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be,

With a comp'ny of jolly boys,

May he be plagu'd with a scolding wife,

To confound him with her noise.

Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be

With his mistress in his bed,

Let him be buried in the church-yard,

And me put in his stead.

Let him be merry, &c.

S O N G.—*The jolly Miller.*

HOW happy a state does the miller possess,
Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less ;
On his mill and himself he depends for support,
Which is better than servilely cringing at court.

Which is, &c.

What tho' he all dusty and whiten'd does go,
The more he is powder'd, the more like a beau ;
A clown in his dress may be honest far,
Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.

Thou a courtier, &c.

Tho' his hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be seen,
The hands of his betters are not very clean ;
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal,
Gold in handling will stick to the fingers like meal.

Gold in handling, &c.

What then, if a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He cribs without scruple from other men's sacks ;

In

In this sort, of right noble examples he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other men's bags.

Who borrow, &c.

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,
In this too he mimics the tools of the state;
Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill.
As all his concern's to bring grist to his mill.

As all his, &c.

He eats when he's hungry and drinks when he's dry,
And down when he's weary contented does lie;
Then rises up chearful to work and to sing;
It so happy a miller then who'd be a king?

S O N G.—*The general Hunt.*

TO horse, ye jolly sportsmen,
And greet the new-born day;
Incessant, lo! thro' nature's field,
Each creature hunts his prey.

And a hunting, &c.

Dame nature teaches Reynard craft
T' o'er reach the feather'd flocks;
And we pursue the chiding dogs,
While they run down they fox.

And a hunting, &c.

Mankind hunt one another;
Your great men hunt the small;
Some hunt for heaven, and some for hell;
Old Satan hunts us all.

And a hunting, &c.

Some fain would hunt for honour,
A game that's hard to find;
The needy hunt for charity,
And may go hunt the wind.

And a hunting, &c.

Our patriots loudly bellow,
The nation's desp'rate case,
While all their stir and bustle's made
In hunting out a place.

And a hunting, &c.
Full

Full cry the Tories hunt the whigs,
Who in their turn pursue;

And running one another down,
Run down their country too.

And a bunting, &c.

The lawyer hunts out quibbles,
Your title to maintain;

He'll hunt the right till it be wrong.
Then hunt it back again.

And a hunting, &c.

The toper daily hunts his pot,
Both care and sense to drown;

Whilst gamesters hunt another's purse,
And lose fight of their own.

And a bunting, &c.

The lasses hunt their lovers,
Each lover hunts his lass;

The fop in chace of his dear face,
Hunts out his looking-glass.

And a bunting, &c.

O'er hill and dale with hound and horn,

Let's hunt boys while 'tis light;

Then joyous we'll o'er flowing bowls
Revive the chace at night.

And a bunting, &c.

S O N G.—*All you who would wish to.*

ALL you who would wish to succeed with a lass,
Learn how the affair's to be done;
For, if you stand fooling, and shy like an ass,
You'll lose her as sure as a gun.

With whining, and sighing, and vows and all that,
As far as you please you may run;

She'll hear you, and jeer you, and give you a pat,
But jilt you as sure as a gun.

To worship and call her bright goddess, is fine;
But, mark you the consequence, mum;

The

The baggage will think herself really divine,
And scorn you, as sure as a gun.

Then be with a maiden bold, frolic, and stout,
And no opportunity shun:

She'll tell you she hates you, and swear she'll cry out,
But mum—she's as sure as a gun.

S O N G.—The Spinning-Wheel.

TO ease his heart, and own his flame,
Young Jockey to my cottage came,
And tho' I lik'd him passing weel,
I careles turn'd my spinning-wheel.

My milk-white hand he did extol,
And prais'd my fingers long and small;
Unusual joy my heart did feel,
But yet I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

Then round about my slender waist,
He clasp'd his arms, and me embrac'd:
To kiss my hand he down-did kneel,
But yet I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

With gentle voice I bid him rise,
He blest'd my neck, my lips and eyes:
My fondness I could scarce conceal,
But yet I turn'd my spinning wheel.

'Till, bolder grown, so close he press'd,
His wanton thoughts I quickly guess'd;
Then push'd him from my rock and reel,
And angry turn'd my spinning-wheel.

At last when I began to chide,
He swore he meant me for his bride;
'Twas then my love I did reveal,
And flung away my spinning-wheel.

S O N G.—The Nun.

SURE a lass in her bloom at the age of nineteen;
Was ne'er so distress'd as of late I have been;
I know

I know not, I vow, any harm I have done,
But mother oft tells me she'll have me a Nun,

But mother, &c.

Don't you think it a pity a girl such as I,
Shou'd be sentenc'd to pray, and to fast, and to cry,
With ways so devout I'm not like to be won,
And my heart it loves frolic too well for a Nun.

To hear the men flatter, and promise, and swear,
Is a thousand times better to me, I declare,
I can keep myself chaste, nor by wiles be undone;
Nay, besides I'm too handsome, I think, for a Nun.

Not to love or be lov'd, oh I never can bear,
Nor yield to be sent to—one cannot tell where;
To live or to die, in this case were all one;
Nay, I sooner would die than be reckon'd a Nun;

Perhaps but to tease me, she threatens me so,
I'm sure were she me, she would stoutly say no:
But if she's in earnest, I from her will run,
And be marry'd in spite, that I mayn't be a Nun.

S O N G.—*The bonny Broom.*

HOW blithe was I each morn to see
My swain come o'er the hill!
He leap'd the brook, and flew to me;
I met him with good will:
I neither wanted ewe nor lamb
When his specks near me lay;
He gather'd in my sheep at night,
And cheer'd me all the day.

Oh! the broom, the bonny broom,

Where lost was my repose;

I wish I was wit my dear swain,

With his pipe and my ewe.

He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet,
The birds stood list'ning by;
The fleecy flock stood still and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody:

While

While thus we spent our time, by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envy'd not the fairest dame,
Tho' e'er so rich and gay.

Ob! the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour;
Could I but faithful be?
He stole my heart, cou'd I refuse
What'er he ask'd of me?
Hard fate! that I must banish'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Because I lov'd the kindest swain,
That ever yet was born.

Ob! the broom, &c.

S O N G.—As now my Bloom.

AS now my bloom comes on apace,
The swains begin to tease me,
But two who claim the foremost place,
Try different ways to please me:
To judge aright, and choose the best,
Is not so soon decided,
When both their merits are express'd
I may be less divided.

Palamon's flocks unnumber'd stray,
He's rich beyond all measure,
Wou'd I but smile, be kind and gay,
He'd give me all his treasure;
But then our years so disagree,
So much as I remember,
It is but May I'm sure with me,
With him it is December.

Can I, who scarcely am in bloom,
Let frost and snow be suing,
'T would spoil each rip'ning joy to come,
Bring ev'ry charm to ruin,
For dress and show to touch my pride,
My little heart is panning,
But then there's something else beside,
I soon should find was wanting.

Then

Then, Colin, thou my choice shalt gain,

For thou wilt ne'er deceive me,

And grey hair'd wealth shall plead in vain,

For thou hast more to give me :

My fancy paints thee full of charms,

Thy looks so young and tender :

Love beats his new and fond alarms,

To thee I now surrender.

S O N G.—Charms of Liberty.

SINCE every charm on earth combine,

In Chloe's face, in Chloe's mind,

Why was I born ye gods to see,

What robs me of my liberty ?

Until that fatal hapless day,

My heart was lively, blithe, and gay,

Cou'd sport with every nymph—but she

Who robs me of my liberty.

Think then, dear Chloe, ere too late,

That death must be my hapless fate,

If love and you do not agree,

To set me at my liberty.

Now to the darksome woods I rove,

Reflecting on the pains of love ;

And envy every clown I see,

Enjoy the sweets of liberty.

We'll follow Hymen's happy train,

And every idle care disdain ;

We'll live in sweet tranquillity,

Nor wish for greater liberty.

S O N G.—My dog and my Mistress.

M

Y dog and my mistress are both of a kind,

As fickle as fancy, inconstant as wind :

My dog follows every strange heel in the streets,

And my mistress is fond of each fellow she meets,

Yet

Yet, in spite of her airs, I'll not make the least strife,
But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' life.

Go Mifs where she will, and whenever she please,
Her conduct shall ne'er my philosophy teaze;
Her freedom shall never embitter my glee,
One woman's the same as another to me:
So, in spite of her airs I'll not make the least strife,
But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' life.

I laugh at the wretches who stupidly pine,
For false-hearted gipseys they title divine;
At worst of my love-fits no physic I ask,
But that which is found in the bowl or the flask,
For go things how they will, I'll not make the least strife,
But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' life.

The girl that behaves with good humour and sense,
Shall still to my heart have the warmest pretence;
And for those that would jilt me, deceive and betray,
In honest bumpers I'll wash them away,
'Tis my final resolve, not to make the least strife,
But be merry, and cherry, and happy thro' life.

S O N G.—*The morning is charming.*

THE morning is charming, all nature is gay,
Away, my brave boys, to your horses away;
For the prime of our pleasure is coursing the hare,
We have not so much as a moment to spare.

CHORUS:

*Hark! the lively ton'd horn,
How melodious it sounds, how melodious it sounds,
To the musical song, to the musical song of the merry
mout' d bounds.*

In yon stubble field we shall find her below,
Soho! cries the huntsman; hark to him, Soho!
See, see where she goes, and the hounds have a view,
Such harmony Harrel himself never knew.

CHORUS.

*Gates, bedges and ditches to us are no bounds,
But the world is our own quibble we follow the bounds.*
Hold,

K

Hold, hold, 'tis a double; hark, hey, Bowler, hey,
If a thousand gain say it, a thousand shall lie;
His beauty surpasses, his truth has been try'd,
At the head of a pack an infallible guide.

CHORUS.

*At his cry the wild welkin with thunder responds,
The darling of hunters, the glory of bounds.*

O'er highlands and lowlands, and woodlands we fly,
Our horës full speed, and our hounds in full cry;
So match'd in their mouths, and so even they run,
Like the trine of the spheres at the race of the sun.

CHORUS.

*Health, joy and felicity dance in the rounds,
And blest the gay circle of hunters and bounds.*

The old hounds push forward, a very sure sign,
That the hare, tho' a stout one, begins to decline;
A chase of two hours or more she has led,
She's down—look about ye—they have her—she's dead.

CHORUS.

*How glorious a death to be honour'd with sounds
Of horns, and a shout to the chorus of bounds!*

Here's a health to all hunters, and long be their lives,
May they never be cross'd by their sweethearts or wives;
May they rule their own passions, and ever at rest,
As the most happy men, be they also the best.

CHORUS.

*And free from the care which the many surrounds,
Be happy at last, when they see no more bounds.*

S O N G.—Charming Sally.

NO Nymph that trips the verdant plains,
With Sally can compare;
She wins the heart of all the swains,
And rivals all the fair:
The beams of Sol delight and cheer,
While summer seasons roll;
But Sally's smiles, can all the year,
Give pleasure to the soul.

When from the east the morning ray,
Illumes the world below,

Her

Her presence bids the god of day,
 With emulation glow;
 Fresh beauties deck the painted ground,
 The birds sweet notes prepare;
 The playful lambskins skip around,
 And hail their sister fair.

The lark but strains his liquid throat,
 To bid the maid rejoice,
 And mimicks (while he swells his note)
 The sweetness of her voice;
 The fanning zephyrs round her play,
 While Flora sheds perfume,
 And ev'ry flow'ret seems to say,
 I but for Sally bloom.

The am'rous youths her charms proclaim,
 From morn to eve their tale;
 Her beauty and unspotted fame,
 Make vocal every vale;
 The stream meand'ring thro' the mead,
 Her echo'd name conveys;
 And ev'ry voice and ev'ry reed,
 Is tun'd to Sally's praise.

No more shall blithesome lads and swain,
 To mirthful wake resort,
 Nor ev'ry May morn on the plain,
 Advance in rural sport;
 No more shall gush the purling rill,
 Nor music wake the grove,
 Nor flocks look snow-like on the hill,
 When I forget to love.

S O N G.—And can'st thou leave thy Nancy.

AND can'st thou leave thy Nancy,
 And quit thy native shore?
 It comes into my fancy,
 I ne'er shall see thee more.

K s

Yes,

True-Blue.

Yes, I must leave my Nancy,
To humble haughty Spain,
I et fear ne'er fill thy fancy,
For we shall meet again.

Nancy.

Amidst the foaming billows,
When thund'ring cannons roar,
You'll think on these green willows,
And wish yourself on shore.

True-Blue.

I fear not land nor water,
I fear not sword or fire,
For sweet revenge and slaughter,
Are all that I desire.

Nancy.

May guardian Gods protect thee,
From water, fire, or steel,
And may no fears affect thee,
Like those which now I feel.

True-Blue.

I leave to heaven's protection,
My life, my only dear;
You have my soul's affection,
So still conclude me here.

S O N G.—Advice to the Fair.

IF you're not too proud for a word of advice,
In the choice of a husband, girls, be not too nice;
What with manning our ships, and protecting our shore,
You cannot have lovers as once—by the score:
If you wish to be marry'd, your pride must come down,
What a smile can procure, do not lose by a frown.

The time it has been, it will ne'er be again,
When a legion of lovers I had in my train;
They were pleas'd with my sing-song; I laugh'd at
them all;

For one was too short, and another too tall,
Or too plump, or too slender, too young, or too old;
As this was too bashful, and that was too bold.

All

All you who're in bloom, and who Hymen implore,
 Since love may not wait till the wars are all o'er,
 Resemble the willow; be gentle and bend,
 Take pains for a lover, as you would for a friend;
 Look once at his person—but twice at his mind,
 Take him soon at his word; tho' you blush, yet be
 kind.

Expect not a crowd of admirers to see,
 Rich, handsome, and courtly, and all they should be;
 The times are so bad, and so chang'd is our lot,
 A man that's worth having, is hard to be got;
 Choose quick, or you'll rue it the rest of your lives,
 You may flourish as toasts, but you'll never be wives.

S O N G.—Valentine's Day.

WHEN blushes dy'd the cheeks of morn,
 And dews-drops glisten'd on the thorn;
 When skylarks tun'd their carols sweet,
 To hail the God of light and heat;
 Philander, from his downy bed,
 To fair Lissetta's chamber sped,
 Crying—awake, sweet love of mine,
 I'm come to be thy Valentine.

Soft love, that balmy sleep denies,
 Had long unveil'd her brilliant eyes,
 Which (that a kiss she might obtain)
 She artfully had clos'd again:
 He sunk, thus caught in beauty's trap,
 Like Phœbus into 'Phœtis' lap,
 And near forgot that his design,
 Was but to be her Valentine.

She, starting, cry'd—I am undone,
 Philander, charming youth, be gone!
 For this time, to your vows sincere,
 Make virtue, not your love appear:
 No sleep has clos'd these watchful eyes
 (Forgive the simple fond disguise;)
 To generous thoughts, your heart incline,
 And be my faithful Valentine.

The brutal passion sudden fled;
 Fair honour govern'd in its stead,
 And both agreed, ere setting sun,
 To join two virtuous hearts in one;
 'Their beauteous offspring soon did prove,
 'The sweet effects of mutual love;
 And, from that hour to life's decline,
 She blest'd the day of Valentine.

S O N G.—Cowden Knows.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed
 Sing their successful loves;

Around the ewes and lambskins feed,

And music fills the groves:

But morn'd song is then the broom,

So fair on Cowden Knows;

For sure so sweet, so fair a bloom,

Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,

And won my yielding heart:

No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed,

Could play with half such art;

He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,

The hills and dales all round,

Of Leader-haughs, and Leader-side:

Oh! how I blest the sound.

Yet more delightful is the broom,

So fair on Cowden Knows;

For sure so fresh, so bright a bloom,

Elsewhere there never grows.

Not Tiviot Braes so green and gay,

May with this broom compare;

Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,

Nor bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowden Knows,

My peaceful happy home;

Where I was wont to milk my ewes,

At eve among the broom:

Ye pow'rs that haunt the woods and plains,

Where Tweed and Tiviot flows;

Convey

Convey me to the best of swains,
And my lov'd Cowden Knows,

S O N G.—*When Fanny, blooming Fair.*

WHEN Fanny, blooming fair,
First caught my ravish'd sight,
Pleas'd with her shape and air,
I felt a strange delight;
Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,
Admiring every part,
And ev'ry feature prais'd,
She stole into my heart.

In her bewitching eyes
Ten thousand loves appear;
There Cupid basking lies,
His shafts are hoarded there.
Her blooming cheeks are dy'd,
With colour all their own,
Excelling far the pride,
Of roses newly blown.

Her well turn'd limbs confess,
The lucky hand of Jove;
Her features all express,
The beauteous Queen of love.
What flames my nerves invade,
When I behold the breast,
Of that too charming maid,
Rise, suing to be prest?

Venus round Fanny's waist,
Has her own cestus bound,
There guardian Cupids grace,
And dance the circle round.
How happy must he be

Who shall her Zone unloose!
That bliss to all but me,
May heaven and she refuse!

SONG.—*Maria.*

TWAS near a thick'et's calm retreat,
 Under a poplar tree,
 Maria chose her wretched seat,
 To mourn her sorrows free.
 Her lovely form was sweet to view,
 As dawn at opening day,
 But ah, she mourn'd her love not true,
 And wept her cares away.

The brook flow'd gently at her feet,
 In murmurs smooth along,
 Her pipe, which once she tun'd most sweet,
 Had now forgot its song.
 No more to charm the vale she tries,
 For grief has fill'd her breast,
 Those joys which once she us'd to prize,
 But love has rob'd her rest.

Poor hapless maid, who can behold,
 Thy sorrows so severe,
 And hear thy love lorn story told
 Without a falling tear?
 Maria, luckless maid, adieu,
 Thy sorrows soon must cease,
 For heav'n will take a maid so true,
 To everlasting peace.

SONG.—*When fair Susan I left.*

WHEN fair Susan I left with a heart full of woe,
 And to sea went, my fortune to mend,
 Her soft swelling bosom beat hard to and fro,
 When she lost both her love and her friend.
 Fare thee well, Tom, she cry'd, and bid me adieu,
 While the tears rained in show'rs from her eye,
 I sail'd full of grief to join the ship's crew,
 While loud waves to my sorrows reply.

The winds they blew hard, and the sea 'gan to roar,
 While blue light'ning around us did flash,
 I thought of my Susan, and wish'd me on shore,
 Still the waves most tremendous did dash.

At length a leak sprung, and all hands call'd on deck,
In vain every art try'd to save,

I swam on a plank, and escap'd from the wreck,
The rest met a watery grave.

Kind fortune thus having preserved my life,

To my Susan I thought I would go,

With what joy I should meet with my long absent wife,

But my hopes were all chang'd into woe,

For the news reach'd her ears that the ship it was lost,

And Thomas her love was no more,

She died as a rose, when nipt by the frost,

And I live her loss to deplore.

S O N G.—Had she not Care enough.

HAD she not care enough, care enough, care
enough,

Had she not care enough of her old man ;

She wed him, she sed him, and into bed she led him,

For seven long winters she list'd him on ;

But oh ! how she nigh'd him, nigh'd him, nigh'd him,

Oh ! how she nigh'd him all the night long.

S O N G.—Care thou canker of our joys.

CARE, thou canker of our joys,

Now thy tyrant reign is o'er,

Fill the mystic bowl, my boys,

Join in bacchanalian roar.

Seize the villain, plunge him in,

See the hated miscreant dies,

Mirth and all thy train come in,

Shut out sorrow's tears and sighs.

O'er the merry midnight bowls,

Gods how happy shall we be.

Days were made for vulgar souls,

Night, my boys, for you and me,

Now the night is o'er,

Now the night is o'er,

Now the night is o'er,

S O N G.—The Sea Fight.

STAND to your guns, my hearts of oak,

Let not a word on board be spoke,

Victory

Victory soon will crown the joke,

Be silent and be ready.

Ram home your guns, and spunge them well,

Let us be sure the balls will tell,

The cannon's roar shall sound their knell,

Be steady, boys, be steady.

Not yet, nor yet—reserve your fire,
I do desire,

Now the elements do rattle,

The gods amaz'd behold the battle,

A broadside, my boys.

See the blood in purple tide,

Trickle down her batter'd side.

Wing'd with fate, the bullets fly,

Conquer boys, or bravely die:

Hurl destruction on your foes,

She sinks, huzza, to the bottom down she goes.

CHORUS. — Give round the word.

GIVE round the word, dismount, dismount,

While echoed by the brightly horn,

The toils and pleasures we recount,

Of this sweet health inspiring morn,

CHORUS.

T'was glorious sport, none e'er did lag,

Nor drew amiss, nor made a stand,

But all as firmly kept their pace,

As had Actæon been the stag,

And we had hunted by command

Of the goddesses of the chase.

And we had hunted by command

Of the goddesses of the chase.

The hounds were out and snuff'd the air,

And scarce had reach'd th' appointed spot,

But pleas'd they heard a layer, a layer,

And presently drew on the slot.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And

And now o'er yonder plain he fleets,

The deep mouth'd hounds begin to bawl;

And echo note for note repeats,

While sprightly horns resound a call.

'Twas glorious Sport, &c.

And now the stag has lost his pace,

And while war haunch the huntsman cries;

His bosom swells, tears wet his face,

He pants, he struggles, and he dies.

'Twas glorious Sport, &c.

S O N G.—Bacchanalian Joys defeated.

WHILE I'm at the tavern quaffing
Well dispos'd for t'other quart;

Comes my wife to spoil my laughing,

Telling me 'tis time to part;

Words I knew were unavailing,

Yet I sternly answer'd no!

'Till from motives more prevailing,

Sitting down she treads my toe.

Such kind tokens to my thinking,

Most emphatically prove;

That the joys which flow from drinking,

Are averted to those of love;

Farewel friends and t'other bottle,

Since I can no longer stay;

Love, more learn'd than Aristotle,

Has to move me found the way.

S O N G.—Admiral Benbow.

O W E sail'd to Virginia, and thence to New
York,

Where we water'd our shipping, and so weigh'd then all,

Full in view on the seas, seven sail we did spy,

O we manned our capstern, and weigh'd speedily.

The two first we came up with, were brigantine sloop,

We ask'd if the other five were as big as they look'd;

But turning to windward, as near as we could lie,

We found they were French men of war cruising hard
by.

We

We took our leave of them, and made quick dispatch,
And we steer'd our course to the island of Vache,
But turning to windward as near as we could lie,
On the fourteenth of August, ten fail we did 'spy.

They hoisted their pendants, and their colours they
spread,

And they hoisted their bloody flag, on the main top-
mast head,

Then we hoisted our jack flag, at the mizen peak.
So brought up our squadron, in a line most complete.

O we drew up our Squadron, in a very nice line,
And fought them courageous for four hours time :
But the day being spent boys, and night coming on,
We let them alone till the very next morn.

The very next morning the engagement prov'd hot,
And brave Admiral Benbow receiv'd a chain shot ;
O when he was wounded, to his men he did say,
'Take me up in your arms boys, and carry me away.

O the guns they did rattle, and the bullets did fly,
While brave Admiral Benbow for help loud did cry,
Carry me to the cockpit, and soon ease my smart,
If my men they should see me, 'twill sure break their
heart.

And there Captain Kirby prov'd a coward at last,
And with Wade played at bopeep, behind the mainmast,
And there they did stand boys, and quiver, and shake,
For fear that those French dogs their lives they should
take.

The very next morning, at break of the day,
We hoisted our topsails, and so bore away,
We bore to Port Royal, where the people flock'd much,
To see Admiral Benbow, carried to Kingston Town
church.

Come all ye brave fellows, where ever you have been,
Let us drink a health to great George our King,
And another good health to the girls that we know,
And a third in remembrance of Admiral Benbow.

SONG.

S O N G.—Now Phoebus sinketh in the West.

NOW Phoebus sinketh in the west,
Welcome song, and welcome jest;

Midnight shouts and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity:

Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine,

Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.

Rigour now is gone to bed,
And advice with scrup'ulous head;

Strict age, and sour severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie.

With their, &c.

S O N G.—Rondeau.

NIGHT and day the anxious lover
Is attentive to the fair,

'Till the doubtful courtship's over,
Is she then so much his care!

Warm as summer his addressee,
Hope and ardour's in his eyes;

Cool as winter his caresses,
When she yields his captive prize.

Now the owner of her beauty,
Sees no more an angel's face;

Half is love, the rest is duty;
Pleasure sure is in the chace.

S O N G.—I made love to Kate.

I Made love to Kate, long I sigh'd for she,

Till I heard of late, she'd a mind to me;

I met her on the green, in her best array,

So pretty she did seem, she stole my heart away:

Oh then we kiss'd and press'd, were we much to
blame?

Had you been in my place, you'd have done the same.
As

As I fonder grew, she began to prate,

Quoth she, I'll marry you, if you will marry Kate;
But then I laugh'd and swore, I lov'd her more than so,
For ty'd each to a rope's end, 'tis tugging to and fro:
Again we kiss'd and press'd, were we much to blame?
Had you been in my place, you'd have done the same.

Then she sigh'd, and said, she was wond'rous sick,
Dickie Katy led, Katy she led Dick;
Long we toy'd and play'd, under yonder oak,
Katy lost the game, though she play'd in joke;
For there we did, alas! what I dare not name,
Had you been in my place, you'd have done the same.

S O N G.—Come Bustle.

COME bustle, bustle, drink about,
And let us merry be,
Our cann is full, we'll pump it out,
And then all hands to sea.

And a sailing we will go.

Fine Mifs at dancing-school is taught,
The minuet to tread,
But we go better when we've brought
The fore-tack to cat-head.

The Jockey's call'd to horse, to horse,
And swiftly rides the race,
But swifter far we shape our course,
When we are giving chase.

When horns and shouts the forest rend,
His pack the huntsman cheers;
As loud we hollow when we send
A broadside to Monfieurs.

The what's their names, at uproar squall,
With music fine and soft,
But better sounds our Boatwains's call,
All hands, all hands aloft!

With gold and silver streamers fine
The ladies rigging shew,

But

But English ships more grander shine,
When prizes home we tow.

What's got at sea we spend on shore,
With sweethearts or our wives ;
And then, my boys, hoist sail for more,
Thus pass the sailors lives.

And a sailing we will go,

S O N G.—*The echoing Horn.*

THE echoing horn calls the sportsmen abroad,
To hofte, my brave boys, and away ;
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds

Upbraids our too tedious delay.

What pleasure we find in pursuing the fox !

O'er hill and o'er valley he fires ;

Then follow, we'll soon overtake him, huzza !

The traitor is seiz'd on and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,

Like Bacchanals, shouting and gay,

How sweet with the bottle and lads to refresh,

And lose the fatigues of the day !

With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy :

Dull wisdom all happiness fours :

Since life is no more than a passage at best,

Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

S O N G.—*The Dawn of Hope.*

A Dawn of hope my soul revives,

And banishes despair ;

It yet my dearest Damon lives,

Make him, ye Gods, your care.

Dispel these gloomy shades of night,

My tender grief remove ;

Oh ! send some cheering ray of light,

And guide me to my love.

Thus, in a secret friendly shade,

The pensive Celia mourn'd,

While courteous echo lent her aid,

And sigh for sigh return'd.

L 2

When,

When, sudden, Damon's well-known face
Each rising fear disarms,
He eager springs to her embrace,
She sinks into his arms.

S O N G.—*Come, ye Lads, who wish to shine.*

COME, ye lads, who wish to shine,
Bright in future story,
Haste to arms and form the line
That leads to martial glory.

CHORUS.

*Charge the musket, point the lance,
Brave the worst of dangers;
Tell the blustering sons of France,
That we to fear are strangers.*

Britain, when the lion's rous'd,
And the flag is rearing,
Always finds her sons dispos'd
To drub the foe that's daring.

Charge the musket, &c.

Hearts of oak, with speed advance,
Pour your naval thunder,
On the trembling shores of France,
And strike the world with wonder.

Charge the musket, &c.

Honour for the brave to share,
Is the noblest booty;
Guard your coasts, protect the fair;
For that's a Briton's duty.

Charge your musket, &c.

What if Spain should take their parts,
And form a base alliance?
All unite, and English hearts,
May bid the world defiance.

CHORUS.

*Beat the drum, the trumpet sound,
Manly and united;
Danger face, maintain your ground,
And see your country righted.*

S O N G.

S O N G.—*The dusky Night.*

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn;
The hounds all join in jovial cry,
The huntsman winds his horn,

And a hunting we will go, &c.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms to make him stay;
My dear, it rains, it hails, it snows!
You cannot hunt to-day.

Yet a hunting we will go, &c.

Away they fly to 'scape the rout,
Their steeds they soundly swich;
Some are thrown in, some are thrown out,
And some thrown in the ditch.

Yet a hunting we will go, &c.

At last from strength to faintness worn,
Poor Reynard ceases flight;
Then, weary, homeward we return,
And drink away the night.

And a drinking we will go, &c.

S O N G.—*The Chaise-marine.*

MY dearest life, wert thou my wife,
How happy should I be!

And all my care in peace and war,
Should be to pleasure thee.

When up and down, from town to town,
We jolly soldiers rove;

Then you, my queen, in chaise-marine,
Shall move like queen of love.

Your love I'd prize beyond the skies,

Beyond the spoils of war;

Would'st thou agree to follow me,

In humble baggage-car;

For happiness, tho' in distress,

In soldiers wives is seen;

And pride in coach has more reproach

Than love in chaise-marine.

Oh ! do not hold your love in gold,
 Nor set your heart on gain ;
 Behold the great, with all their state,
 Their lives are care and pain,
 In house or tent, I pay no rent,
 Nor care nor trouble fee ;
 But ev'ry day I get my pay,
 And spend it merrily.

Love not those knaves, great fortune's slaves,
 Who lead ignoble lives :
 Nor deign to smile on men so vile,
 Who fight none but their wives.
 For Brit.in's right and you we fight,
 And ev'ry ill defy ;
 Should but the fair reward our care,
 With love and constancy.

If sighs, nor groans, nor tender moans,
 Can win your harden'd heart ;
 Let love in arms, with all his charms,
 Then take a soldier's part,
 With life and drum the soldiers come,
 And all the pomp of war ;
 Then dont think mean of chaise-marine,
 'Tis love's triumphant car.

S O N G.—The Jovial Seamen.

HOW little do the landmen know
 Of what we sailors feel,
 When waves do mount and winds do blow ;
 But we have hearts of steel ;
 No danger can affright us,
 No enemy shall flout :
 We'll make the monsieurs right us ;
 So tols the cann about.

Stick close to orders, messmates,
 We'll plunder burn and sink,
 Then, France, have at your first-rates ;
 For Britons never shrink :
 We'll rummage all we fancy,
 We'll bring them in by scores,
 And

And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,
Shall roll in louis-d'ors.

While here at Deal we're lying
With our noble commodore,
We'll spend our wages freely, boys,
And then to sea for more :
In peace we'll drink and sing, boys,
In war we'll never fly ;
Here's a health to George our king, boys,
And the royal family.

S O N G.—The blush of Aurora.

THE blush of Aurora now tinges the morn,
And dew-drops bespangle the sweet scented
thorn ;
Then sound, brother sportsman, sound, sound the gay
horn,

'Till Phœbus awaken the day ;
And see now he rises in splendor how bright,
Iō Paan for Phœbus the God of delight ;
All glorious in beauty now vanish the night,
Then mount, boys, to horse and away.

What raptures can equal the joy of the chase,
Health, bloom, and contentment appear in each face,
And in our swift couriers what beauty and grace
While we the fleet stag do pursue ;
At the deep and harmonious sweet cry of the hounds,
Struck by terror he bursts from the forest's wide
bounds,

And tho' like the light'ning he darts o'er the grounds,
Yet still, boys, we keep him in view.

When chas'd, till quite spent, he his life does resign,
Our victim we'll offer at Bacchus's shrine,
And revel in honour of Nimrod divine,
That hunter so mighty of fame ;
Our glasses then charge to our country and king,
Love and beauty we'll charge to, and jovially sing,
Wishing health and success 'till we make the house
ring,

To all sportsmen and sons of the game.

S O N G.

S O N G.—*Let not rage.*

LET not rage, thy bosom firing,
Pity's softer claim remove :
Spare a heart that's just expiring,
Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Each ungentle thought suspending,
Judge of mine by thy soft breast ;
Nor with rancour never ending,
Heap fresh sorrows on th' oppress'd.

Let not rage, &c.

Heav'n, that ev'ry joy has cross'd,
Ne'er my wretched state can mend ;
I, alas, at once have lost
Father, brother, lover, friend !

Let not rage, &c.

S O N G.—*Away to the field.*

AWAY to the field, see the morning looks grey ;
And, sweetly bedappled, forebodes a fine day ;
The hounds are all eager the sport to embrace,
And carol aloud to be led to the chase.

Then hark in the morn, to the call of the horn,
And join with the jovial crew,
While the season invites, with all its delights,
The health-giving chase to pursue.

How charming the sight, when Aurora first dawns,
To see the bright beagles spread over the lawns ;
To welcome the sun, now returning from rest,
Their mattins they chant as they merrily quest.

Then bark in the morn, &c.

But oh ! how each bosom with transport is fills,
To start, just as Phoebus peeps over the hills ;
While joyous, from valley to valley resounds
The shouts of the hunters and cry of the hounds.

Then bark in the morn, &c. See

See how the brave hunters with courage elate,
Leap hedges or ditches, or top the barr'd gate ;
Borne by their bold courfers no danger they fear,
And give to the winds all vexation and care.

Then bark in the morn, &c.

Ye cits, for the chace, quit the joys of the town,
And scorn the dull pleasure of sleeping in down ;
Uncertain your toil, or for honour or wealth,
Ours still is repaid with contentment and health.

Then hark in the morn, &c.

S O N G.—Had I a heart for falshood fram'd.

HAD I a heart for falshood fram'd,
I ne'er could injure you :
For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd,
Your charms would make me true.

To you no soul shall bear deceit,

No stranger offer wrong :

But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,

And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest,

Another with your heart,

They'll bid aspiring passion rest,

And act a brother's part.

Then, lady, dread not here deceit,

Nor fear to suffer wrong ;

For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,

And brothers in the young.

S O N G.—Do you hear, brother Sportsman ?

DO you hear, brother sportsman, the sound of
the horn,

And yet the sweet pleasure decline ?

For shame, rouse your senses, and, ere it is morn,

With me the sweet melody join.

Thro' the wood and the valley the traitor we'll rally,

Nor quit him till panting he lies ;

White

118 FESTIVAL OF MOMUS.

While hounds, in full cry, thro' hedges shall fly,
And chase the swift hare till she dies.

Then saddle your steed, to the meadows and fields,
Both willing and joyous repair;
No pastime in life greater happiness yields,
Than chasing the fox and the hare.

For such comforts, my friend, on the sportsman attend,
No pleasure like hunting is found,
For when it is o'er, as brisk as before,
Next morning we spurn up the ground.

S O N G.—*Guardian Angels now protect me.*

GUARDIAN angels now protect me,
Send me to the swain I love;
Cupid with thy bow direct me,
Help me all ye powers above.
Bear him my sighs, ye gentle breezes,
Tell him I love, and I despair;
Tell him, for him I grieve,
Say 'tis for him I live;
O may the shepherd be sincere!

Thro' the shady groves I'll wander,
Silent as the bird of night;
Near the brink of yonder fountain,
First Leander blest'd my sight;
Witness, ye groves and falls of water,
Echoes, repeat the vows he swore:
Can he forget me,
Will he neglect me,
Shall I never see him more!

Does he love and yet forsake me,
To admire a nymph more fair?
If 'tis so I'll wear the willow,
And esteem the happy pair.
Some lonely cave I'll make my dwelling,
Ne'er more the cares of life pursue:
The lark and Philomel
Only shall hear me tell
What makes me bid the world adieu.

S O N G.

S O N G.—Come let us prepare.

COME let us prepare,
We brothers that are,
Assembled on merry occasion,
Let's drink, laugh, and sing,
Our wine has a spring :
Here's a health to an accepted mason.

The world is in pain,
Our secret to gain,
But still let them wonder and gaze on ;
Till they're shewn the light
They'll ne'er know the right
Word or sign of an accepted mason.

'Tis this and 'tis that ;
They cannot tell what ;
Why so many great men in the nation,
Should aprons put on,
To make themselves one,
With a free and an accepted mason.

Great kings, dukes, and lords,
Have laid by their swords ;
This our myst'ry to put a good grace on ;
And ne'er been aham'd
To hear themselves nam'd
With a free and an accepted mason.

Antiquity's pride,
We have on our side,
It makes each man just in his station :
There's nought but what's good,
To be understood
By a free and an accepted mason.

We're true and sincere,
And just to the fair,
They'll trust us on ev'ry occasion ;
No mortal can mote
The ladies adore,
Than a free and an accepted mason.

Then

Then join hand in hand,
To each other firm stand,

Let's be merry, and put a bright face on;
No mortal can boast,

So noble a toast,

As a free and an accepted mason.

S O N G.—Come, jolly Bacchus, God of Wine.

COME, jolly Bacchus, god of wine,
Crown this night with pleasure;

Let none at cares of life repine,

To destroy our pleasure:

Fill up the mighty sparkling bowl,

That ev'ry true and loyal soul,

May drink and sing without controul,

To support our pleasure.

Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be,

Guardian to our pleasure,

That under thy protection we

May enjoy new pleasure:

And as the hours glide away,

We'll in thy name invoke their stay,

And sing thy praises; that we may,

Live and die with pleasure.

S O N G.—When Delia on the plain appears.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,

I wou'd approach but dare not move,

Tell me my heart if this be love.

When e'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear

No other voice but her's can hear,

No other wit but her's approve,

Tell me my heart if this be love.

If she some other swain commend,

Tho' I was once his fondest friend,

That instant enemy I prove,

Tell me my heart if this be love.

When

When arm'd with insolent disdain,
She seem'd to triumph o'er my pain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove,
Tell me my heart if this be love.

S O N G.—*Push about the brisk bowl.*

PUSH about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven the heart,
While thus we sit round on the grass:
The lover who talks of his suff'rings and smart,
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, an ass;
Deserves, &c.

The wretch, who sits watching his ill-gotten pelf,
And wishes to add to the naafs,
Whate'er the curmudgeon may think of himself,
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass:

Deserves, &c.

The beau, who so smart with his well powder'd hair,
An angel beholds in his glass,
And thinks with grimace to subdue all the fair,
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass:

Deserves, &c.

The merchant from climate to climate will roam,
Of Croesus the wealth to surpass;

And oft, while he's wand'ring, my lady at home,
Claps the horns of an ox on the ass;

Claps the horns, &c.

The lawyer so grave, when he puts in his plea,
With forehead well fronted with brass,

Tho' he talks to no purpose, he pockets your fee;
Then you, my good friend, are an ass: *Then you, &c.*

The formal physician, who knows ev'ry ill,

Shall last be produc'd in this class;

The sick man a while may confide in his skill,

But death proves the doctor an ass; *But death, &c.*

Then

Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay,

By turns take our bottle and las;

For he who his pleasures puts off for a day,

Deserves to be reckon'd an ass;

Deserves, &c.

S O N G.—*The Choice.*

A MAN that's neither high nor low,

In party nor in stature;

No noisy rake, nor fickle beau,

That's us'd to cringe and flatter.

And let him be no learned fool,

That nods o'er musty books;

That eats and drinks, and lives by rule,

And weighs my words and looks.

Let him be easy, frank, and gay,

Of dancing never tir'd;

Always have something smart to say,

But silent, if requir'd.

S O N G.—*A hunting song.*

THE sun from the east tips the mountains with gold,
And the meadows all spangled with dew-drops
behold;

The lark's early matin proclaim's the new day,

And the horn's cheerful summons rebukes our delay:

With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can vie,

While'st we follow the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport,

And the slaves of the state hunt the smiles of the court;

No care nor ambition our patience annoy,

But innocence still gives a zest to our joy.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree;

The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee;

The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,

Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with disgrace.

With the sports of the field, &c.

The

The cit hunts a plumb, the soldier hunts fame,
The poet a dinner, the patriot a name ;

And the artful coquette, tho' she seems to refuse,
Yet, in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth,
All the blessing we ask is the blessing of health ;
With hounds and with horns, thro' the woodlands to
roam,

And when tir'd abroad, find contentment at home.
With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can vie,
While jocund we follow the hounds in full cry.

S O N G.—While the lads of the Village.

WHILE the lads of the village shall merrily ah !

Sound the tabors, I'll hand thee along,

And I say unto thee, that verily, ah !

Thou and I will be first in the throng.

While the lads, &c.

Just then, when the swain who last year won the dow'r,

With his mates shall the sports have begun,

When the gay voice of gladness resounds from each
bow'r,

And thou long'st in thy heart to make one.

While the lads, &c.

Those joys which are harmless, what mortal can blame ?

'Tis my maxim, that youth should be free ;

And so prove that my words and my deeds are the same,

Believe me, thou'lt presently see.

While the lads, &c.

S O N G.—Youth's the season made for joys.

YOUTH's the season made for joys,
Love is then our duty,

She alone who that employs,

Well deserves her beauty.

Let's be gay,

While we may,

Beauty's a flow'r despis'd in decay.

Youth's the season, &c.

M 2

Let

Let us drink and sport to-day,

Our's is not to-morrow ;

Love with youth flies swift away,

Age is nought but sorrow,

Dance and sing,

Time's on the wing,

Life never knows the return of spring.

Let us drink, &c.

S O N G.—*Behold this fair Goblet.*

BEHOLD this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from the
tree,

Which, oh ! my sweet Shakespeare, was plann'd by
thee ;

As a relic I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine,

What comes from thy hand must be ever divine.

All shall yield to the mulberry tree ;

Bend to thee

Bless'd mulberry ;

Matchless was he

That plant'd thee,

And thou like him immortal shall be.

Ye trees of the forest so rampant and high,

Who spread round your branches, whole heads sweep
the sky ;

Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here,

To root out the natives at prices so dear :

All shall yield, &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,

Preserv'd once our king, and will always our coast :

Of the fir we make ships ; there are thousands that
fight,

But one, only one, like our Shakespeare can write.

All shall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bow'rs,

Pomona in fruit-trees, and Flora in flow'rs ;

The garden of Shakespeare all fancies will suit,

With the sweetest of flow'rs, and the fairest of
fruit.

All shall yield, &c.
With

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd birch
Supplies law and physic, and grace for the church ;
But law and the gospel in Shakespéare we find,
He gives the best physic for body and mind.

All shall yield, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree ;
From him and his merits this takes its degree :

Give Phœbus and Bacchus their laurel and vine,
The tree of our Shakespéare is still more divine.

All shall yield, &c.

As the genius of Shakespéare outshines the bright day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey ;

So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
Has the laurel and bays, and the vine all in one,

All shall yield, &c.

Then each take a relic of this hollow tree,

From folly and fashion a charm let it be ;

Let's fill to the planter the cup to the brim,

To honour your country, do honour to him.

All shall yield, &c.

S O N G.—*On Ambition.*

LET ambition fire thy mind ;

Thou wert born o'er men to reign,

Not to follow flocks design'd ;

Scorn thy crook, and leave the plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy feet ;

Thou on necks of kings shalt tread ;

Joys in circling joys shall meet.

Which way e'er thy fancy's led.

Let not toils of empire fright :

Toils of empire pleasures are ;

Thou shalt only know delight ;

All the joy, but not the care.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the prize

For the blessings I bestow,

Joyful I'll ascend the skies,

Happy thou shalt reign below.

M 3

S O N G.

S O N G.—Jolly Mortals, fill your glasses

JOLLY mortals, fill your glasses,
Noble deeds are done by wine ;
Scorn the nymph and all her graces,
Who'd for love or beauty pine ?

Look within the bowl that's flowing,
And a thousand charms you'll find,
More than Phillis has, tho' going
In the moment to be kind.

Alexander hated thinking,
Dank about at council board :
He subdu'd the world by drinking
More than by his conqu'ring sword.

S O N G.—If gold could lengthen Life.

IF gold could lengthen life, I swear,
If then should be my chiefest care
To get a heap that I might say,
When death came to demand his pay,
Thou, slave, take this and go thy way.

But since life's not to be bought,
Why should I plague myself for nought ;
Or foolishly disturb the skies
With vain complaints or fruitless cries ?
For if the fatal destinies
Have all agreed it shall be so,
What good will gold or crying do ?

Give me, to ease my thirsty soul,
The joys and comforts of the bowl ;
Freedom and health, and whilst I live,
Let me not want what life can give ;
Then shall I die in peace, and have
This consolation in the grave,
That once I had the world my slave.

S O N G.—*The pleasures of the Chase.*

HARK ! hark ! the joy-inspiring horn
Salutes the rosy, rising morn,
And echoes thro' the dale :
With clam'rous peals the hills resound,
The hounds quick-scented scow'r the ground,
And snuff the fragrant gale.

Nor gates, nor hedges can impede
The brisk high-mettl'd starting steed,
The jovial pack pursue ;
Like lightning darting o'er the plains,
The distant hills with speed he gains,
And sees the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forsakes,
And to the copse for shelter makes,
There pants a while for breath ;
When now the noise alarms her ear,
Her haunt's descry'd, her fate is near,
She sees approaching death.

Directed by the well-known breeze,
The hounds their trembling victim seize,
She faints, she falls, she dies :
The distant couriers now come in,
And join the loud triumphant din,
Till echo rends the skies.

S O N G.—*When late I wander'd.*

WHEN late I wander'd o'er the plain,
From nymph to nymph, I strove in vain
My wild desires to rally ;
But now they're of themselves come home,
And, strange ! no longer seek to roam,
They center all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one, damps my joy,
And cries, I court but to destroy ;

Can love with ruin tally ?
By those dear lips, those eyes I sweat,
I would all deaths, all torments bear,
Rather than injure Sally.

Can

Can the weak taper's feeble rays,
Or lamps transmit the sun's bright blaze?

Oh! no——then say how shall I
In words be able to express

My love?——it burns to such excess,
I almost die for *Sally*.

Come then, oh! come, thou sweeter far
Than jessamines and roses are,

Or lillies of the valley;

O follow love, and quit your fear,

He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,
And make me blest in *Sally*.

S O N G.—When I was a young one.

WHEN I was a young one, what girl was like
me!

So wanton, so airy, and brisk as a bee?

I tattered, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where-e'er

A fiddle was heard—to be sure I was there.

To all that came near I had something to say;

'Twas this, Sir; and that, Sir; but scarce ever nay;

And, Sundays, dress'd out in my silk and my lace,

I warrant I stood by the best in the place.

At twenty I got me a husband, poor man?

Well, rest him—we all are as good as we can;

Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws,

And jealous—tho' truly I gave him some cause.

He snubb'd me, and buff'd me; but let me alone;

Egad! I've a tongue, and I paid him his own;

Ye wives, take the hint, and when spouse is untow'd,

Stand firm to your charter, and have the last word.

But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my woe;

I'm not what I was forty summers ago:

This time's a sore foe; there's no shunning his dart;

However, I keep up a pretty good heart.

Grown old, yet I hate to be sitting mum-chance;

I still love a tune, tho' unable to dance;

And

And books of devotion laid by on the shelf,
I teach that to others I once did myself.

S O N G.—*How oft, Louisa.*

HOW oft *Louisa*, hast thou said,
(Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown)
Thou would'st not lose *Antonio's* love,
To reign the partner of a throne.

And by those lips that spoke so kind !
And by that hand I prest to mine !
To gain a subject nation's love,
I swear I would not part with thine.

Then how, my soul, can we be poor,
Who own what kingdoms could not buy ?
Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,
And serving thee, a monarch I.

Thus unconfess'd in mutual bliss,
And rich in love's exhaustless mine,
Do thou snatch treasures from my lips,
And I'll take kingdoms back from thine.

S O N G.—*I have a Lover of my own.*

I HAVE a lover of my own,
So kind and true is he ;
As true, I love but him alone,
And he loves none but me.

I boast not of his velvet down,
Or cheeks of rosy hue,
His spicy breath, his ringlets brown,
I prize the heart that's true.

So to all else I must say nay ;
They only fret and tease :
Dear youth, 'tis you alone—that may
Come, court me, when you please.

I play'd my love a thousand tricks,
In seeming coy and shy :—

'Twas only ere my heart I'd fix,
I thought his love to try.

So to all else I must say nay ;
They only fret and tease :

Dear youth, 'tis you alone—that may
Come, court me, when you please.

S O N G.—*The smiles of my Jamie.*

YOUNG Cupid is with me wherever I go,
He plagues me, and teazes, and vexes me so,
To shun the young urchin I fly to the grove,
But soon at my elbow I find little Love,
I meet with young Strephon, the pride of the plain,
His smiles for a moment can banish all pain ;
Then Cupid, to tease me, is sure to repeat,
“ The smiles of your Jamie are ten times more sweet.”

T'other day, when reclining in Strephon's gay bow'r,
And charm'd with the fragrance of each blooming flow'r,
The violet, the lily, the sweetest that blows,
He had twin'd with young myrtle, the woodbine,
and rose :

I forgot the young tyrant, and own'd to the swain,
That this fragrant spot was the pride of the plain ;
But Cupid stepp'd forward, and cry'd, “ 'tis a cheat,
“ The breath of your Jamie is ten times more “sweet.”

Quite angry at last, I cry'd, “ Let me alone,
“ I have sense, and have ears, and I've eyes of my
“ own ;

“ Your blindness and folly will lead me astray,
“ While prudence to Strephon's gay bow'r leads the
way.”

Provok'd by my answer, he perfectly flew,
And brought my dear Jamie quite full in my view ;
Instructed by Love, he knelt down at my feet,
And the vows of my Jamie are true as they're sweet.

Now Strephon in vain may exert all his pow'r,
With Jamie contented I shun the gay bow'r ;
In a cottage more humble contented to dwell,
With him I am happy, tho' humble my cell.

To

To revenge me on Cupid for all my past pain,
I'll bind the young rogue in a sweet rosy chain ;
I'll cut off his wings, and tie lead to his feet,
For with love and my Jamie my joys are complete.

S O N G.—Come haste to the Wedding.

Mrs. Scott.

COME haste to the wedding, ye friends and ye
neighbours,

The lovers their bliss can no longer delay ;
Forget all your sorrows, your ears, and your labours,
And let ev'ry heart beat with rapture to-day :
Ye vot'ries all, attend to my call.

Come revel in pleasures that never can cloy.

CHORUS.

Come, see rural felicity,

Whilst love and innocence ever enjoy.

Mrs. Dorman.

Let envy, let pride, let hate and ambition,

Still croud to, and beat at the breast of the great ;

To such wretched passions we give no admission,

But leave them alone to the wise-ones of state :

We boast of no wealth, but contentment and health,

In mirth and in friendship our moments employ.

Come see, &c.

Mrs. Scott.

With reason we taste of each heart-stirring pleasure,

With reason we drink of the full flowing bowl,

Are jocund and gay, but all within measure,

For fatal excess will enslave the free soul.

Duetto. Then come at our bidding to this happy
wedding,

No care shall intrude here our bliss to annoy.

Come see, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.—I do as I will with my Swain.

I Do as I will with my swain ;
 He never once thinks I am wrong :
 He likes none so well on the plain,
 I please him so well with my song.
 A song is the shepherd's delight ;
 He hears me with joy all the day ;
 He's sorry when comes the dull night,
 That hastens the end of my lay.

With spleen and with care once oppress'd,
 He ask'd me to soothe him the while ;
 My voice set his mind all to rest,
 And the shepherd would instantly smile.
 Since when, or in mead, or in grove,
 By his flocks, or the clear river side,
 I sing my best songs to my love,
 And to charm him is grown all my pride,

No beauty had I to endear,
 No treasure of nature, or art ;
 But my voice, which had gain'd on his ear,
 Soon found out the way to his heart :
 To try if that voice would not please,
 He took me to join the gay throng ;
 I won the rich prize with much ease,
 And my fame's gone abroad with my song.

But let me not jealousy raise,
 I wish to enchant but my swain ;
 Enough then for me is his praise,
 I sing but for him the lov'd strain.
 When youth, wealth and beauty may fail,
 And your shepherds elude all your skill,
 Your sweetness of song may prevail,
 And gain all your swains to your will.

S O N G.—Cupid, God of soft persuasion.

CUPID, god of soft persuasion,
 Take the helpless lover's part :
 Seize, oh seize, some kind occasion
 To reward a faithful heart.

Justly

Justly those w^e-tyrants call,
Who the body would enthrall !
Tyrants of more cruel kind,
Those who would enslave the mind.

Cupid, God, &c.

What is grandeur ? foe to rest ;
Childish mummery at best.
Happy I in humble state !
Catch, ye fools the glitt'ring bait.

Cupid, God, &c.

S O N G.—As bringing home, the other Day.

AS bringing home, the other day,

Two Linnets I had ta'en,

The little warblers seem'd to pray

For liberty again :

Unheedful of their plaintive notes,

I sung across the sea ;

In vain they tun'd their pleasing throats,

And flutter'd to be free.

As passing thro' the tufted grove,

Near which my cottage stood,

I thought I saw the Queen of Love,

When Clora's charms I view'd :

I look'd, I gaz'd, I press'd her stay,

To hear my tender tale ;

But all in vain—~~she~~ fled away,

Nor could my sighs prevail.

Soon, thro' the wound which love had made,

Came pity to my breast ;

And thus I (as compassion bade)

The feather'd pair address'd :

Ye little warblers, cheerful be,

Remember not ye flew ;

For I, who thought myself so free,

Am far more caught than you.

N

SONG.

S O N G.—How imperfect is Expression.

HOW imperfect is expression,
Some emotions to impart !

When we mean a soft confession,

And yet seek to hide the heart.

When our bosoms, all complying,

With delicious tumults swell,

And beat what broken, falt'ring, dying,

Language would, but cannot tell.

Deep confusion's rosy terror,

Quite expressive paints my cheek,

Ask no more—Behold your error,

Blushes eloquently speak.

What tho' silent is my anguish,

Or breath'd only to the air :

Mark my eyes, and as they languish ;

Read what yours have written there.

Oh ! that you could once conceive me,

Once my soul's strong feeling view ;

Love has nought more fond, believe me ;

Friendship nothing half so true.

From you I am wild despairing,

With you speechless as I touch ;

This is all that bears declaring,

And perhaps declares too much.

S O N G.—When kindly gentle Slumbers.

WHEN kindly gentle slumbers,
Our anxious eyelids veil,

And joys, in countless numbers,

The busy mind assail ;

Falſe forms in sweet diffusion,

Like truth so fairly seem ;

We hug the dear delusion,

Tho' but an empty dream.

But when to objects real,

The senses are awake ;

When

When reason joys ideal
Forbids us to partake ;

We chide the kind intrusion,
And mourn we can't redeem,
One moment the delusion,
'Tho' but an empty dream.

S O N G.—*From the Man whom I love.*

FROM the man whom I love, though my heart I
disguise,
I freely describe the wretch I despise ;
And if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take a hint from the picture I draw.

A wit without sense, without fancy a beau ;
Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow ;
A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon ;
In courage a hind, in conceit a gascoon.

As a vulture rapacious, in falsehood a fox ;
Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks,
As a tyger ferocious, perverse as a hog ;
In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,
His heart is of lead, and his brains are of feather ;
Yet if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take a hint from the picture I draw.

S O N G.—*Alas if yon Damask rose be sweet.*

AS K if yon damask rose be sweet,
That scents the ambient air ;
Then ask each shepherd that you meet,
If dear Sufanna's fair.

Say, will the vulture leave his prey,
And warble thro' the grove ;
Bid wanton linnets quit the spray ;
Then doubt thy shepherd's love.

N 2

The

The spoils of war let heroes share,

Let pride in splendor shine ;

Ye bards, unenvy'd laurels wear,

Be fair Sufanna mine.

S O N G.—*The Jovial Freeman.*

COME all ye young lovers, who, wan with despair,
Compose idle sonnets, and sigh for the fair,
Who puff up their pride by enhancing their charms,
And tell them, 'tis heaven to lie in their arms :
Be wise by example, take pattern from me,
For let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free, &c.

By Jove I'll be free,

For let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free.

Young Daphne I saw, in the net I was caught,
I ly'd, and I flatter'd as custom had taught :
I pres'd her to bliss, which she granted full soon ;
But the date of my passion expir'd with the moon :
She vow'd she was ruin'd : I said it might be :
I'm sorry, my dear, but by Jove I'll be free, &c.

The next was young Phillis, as bright as the morn ;
The love that I proffer'd, she treated with scorn :
I laugh'd at her folly, and told her my mind,
That none can be handsome, but such as are kind ;
Her pride and ill nature was lost upon me ;
For in spite of fair faces, by Jove I'll be free, &c.

Let others call marriage the harbour of joys,
Calm peace I delight in, and fly from all noise :
Some chuse to be hamper'd, 'tis sure a strange rage,
Like birds the y sing best when put in a cage :
Confinement's the devil, 'twas ne'er made for me,
Let who will be bond-slaves, by Jove I'll be free, &c.

Then let each brisk bumper run over the glass,
In a toast to the young and the beautiful lass,
Who's yielding and easy, prescribes no dull rule,
Nor thinks it a wonder a lover should cool :
Let us bill like the sparrow, and rove like the bee,
For, in spite of grave lessons, by Jove I'll be free, &c.

S O N G.

S O N G.—*That girl, who fain wou'd chuse a mate.*

THAT girl, who fain wou'd chuse a mate,
Shou'd ne'er in fondness fail her ;
May thank her lucky stars, if fate
Shou'd splice her to a sailor.

He braves the storm, the battle's heat,
The yellow boys to nail her ;
Diamonds, if diamonds she could eat,
Wou'd seek her honest sailor.

If she be true, sure of his heart,
She never need bewail her ;
For, tho' a thousand leagues apart,
Still constant is her sailor.

Tho' she be false, still he is kind,
And comes with smiles to hail her ;
He trusting, as he trusts the wind,
Still faithless to her sailor.

A butcher can procure his prog,
Three-threads to drink, a taylor:
What's that to biscuit and to grog,
Procur'd her by her sailor ?

She who wou'd such a mate refuse,
The Devil sure must ail her !
Search round, and if you're wise, you'll chuse
To wed an honest sailor.

S O N G.—*Bibo's Retreat.*

WHEN Bibo thought fit from the world to retreat,
As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat,
He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he said,
He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
“Trim the boat, and sit quiet !” stern Charon reply'd ;
“You may have forgot—you were drunk when you
dy'd.”

S O N G.—*Jovial Companions.*

COME, come, my jolly lads,
The wind's abait,

Brisk gales our sails shall crowd;

Com-bustle, bustle, bustle, boys;

Haul the boat,

The boatswain pipes aloud;

The ship's unmoor'd,

All hands on board,

The rising gale

Fills ev'ry sail;

The ship's well mann'd and stor'd,

Then sling the flowing bowl,

Fond hopes arise;

The girls we prize

Shall bless each jovial soul:

The can, boys, bring,

We'll drink and sing,

While foaming billows roll.

Tho' to the Spanish coast

We're bound to steer,

We'll still our rights maintain;

Then bear a hand, be steady, boys,

Soon we'll see

Old England once again:

From shore to shore,

While cannons roar,

Our tars shall show

The naughty foe,

Eritannia rules the main.

Then sling the flowing bowl, &c.

S O N G.—*Throw the Stocking.*

WHEN a lover's in the wind,
'Tho' Miss is coy, we always find

At last she turns out wond'rous kind,

Nor thinks a man so shocking:

A woman's frowns are but a jest,

She's angry only to be prest,

And then she grants her friends request

To let them throw the stocking.

While

While Pudding-sleeves unites their hands,
And fetters both in marriage bands,

John grins, and Molly foolishly stands,
To see the neighbours flock in :

But after supper John is led,

With love and liquor in his head,

Tuck'd with his Molly into bed,

Then hey to throw the stocking !

The night soon past, the morning come,

The couple looking queer and rum,

He says but little, she is dumb,

The chamber door unlocking :

But Molly, who was once so coy,

No longer now conceals her joy :

She vows all day, for her dear boy,

She'd trudge without a stocking !

S O N G.—Old England.

HAIL England! Old England, for glory-re-
nown'd !

In arms, as in arts, so transcendently crown'd !

'Tis thine, strict to honour, no treaties to break,

'Tis thine to revenge when that honour's at stake.

Then rise, O ye brave! draw the sword, point the
lance,

And bid the bold cannon roll thunder to France.

Hark, truth speaks already, our heroes prevail,

The rous'd English lion makes Gallia turn pale ;

Thy cunning, O France ! its own fate will decree :

Success now dawns on us by land and by sea,

And wide o'er the main shall the British flag fly,

To force that submission which pride would deny.

Britannia rejoices your ardor to see :

“ My sons, fight,” she cries, “ ’tis for freedom and me !

“ Though Gallia's ambition alliance explore,

“ You'll conquer them now, whom you've conquer'd
“ before.

And Triumph these truths to all nations shall sing,

The ocean is George's, and George is our king.

S O N G.

S O N G.—*When first the East.*

WHEN first the east begins to dawn,
 And nature's beauties rise,
 The lark assumes her matins sweet,
 And seeks the yielding skies.
 The rosy light that glads the muse,
 Dear to her breast must be;
 But not so dear, young Cupid knows,
 As Damon is to me.

In yonder tree two turtles bill,
 Whose sweet alternate notes
 In pretty songs of love prolong
 The music of their throats.
 Dear to the lover's fluttering breast
 The fair one's notes must be;
 But not so dear the thousandth part,
 As Damon is to me.

A mourning bird, in plaintive mood,
 Robb'd of her callow young,
 In yonder grove observ'd her nest,
 And still her woes she sung.
 No feather'd warbler of the wood
 More sorrowful could be;
 But I far greater woes must share,
 Were Damon torn from me.

S O N G.—*Young Arabella.*

YOUNG Arabella, mamma's care,
 And ripe to be a bride,
 Had charms a monarch might ensnare,
 But beauty mix'd with pride,
 Had charms a monarch might ensnare,
 But beauty mix'd with pride.

But still to blast that happiness,
 Her pride each lover cool'd,
 The number of her slaves was less,
 And less the tyrant rul'd,
 And less the tyrant rul'd.

Her

Her sister Charlotte, tho' not blest
 With beauty's potent spell,
 The virtues of the mind possess,
 And bore away the bell;
 Knights, earls, and dukes, like summer flies,
 Around the maiden flew,
 They press'd to tell ten thousand lies,
 As men are apt to do.

Poor Arabella, vex't to find,
 Her sister made a wife,
 Pretends to rail at all mankind,
 And praise a single life.

Fond Celadon address'd the fair,
 Resolv'd no time to lose,
 A youth with such a shape and air,
 What female could refuse?

Like all the rest he own'd his flame,
 His artless flame alone,
 The blushing maid confess'd the same,
 The priest soon made them one.

Ye virgins, Charlotte's plan pursue,
 Shun Arabella's fate,
 Accept the man that's worthy you,
 Before it is too late.

S O N G.—Come, thou rosy dimpled boy.

C O M E, thou rosy dimpled boy,
 Source of ev'ry heart-felt joy;
 Leave the blissful bow'r a while,
 Paphos, and the Cyprian isle;
 Visit Britain's rocky shore,
 Britons, too, thy pow'r adore;
 Britons, hardy, bold and free,
 Own thy laws, and yield to thee;
 Source of ev'ry heart-felt joy,
 Come, thou rosy dimpled boy.

Haste to Sylvia, haste away,
 This is thine and Hymen's day;

Bid

Bid her thy soft bandage wear,
 Bid her for love's rites prepare;
 Let the nymphs, with many a flow'r,
 Deck the sacred nuptial bow'r,
 Thither lead the lovely fair,
 And let Hymen, too, be there:
 This is thine and Hymen's day;
 Haste to Sylvia, haste away.

Only while we love we live,
 Love alone can pleasure give;
 Power and pomp, and tinsel state,
 Idle pageants of the great;
 Crowns and sceptres, envy'd things,
 And the pride of Eastern kings,
 Are but childish empty toys,
 When compar'd to love's sweet joys,
 Love alone can pleasure give;
 Only while we love we live.

S O N G.—*Down the burn, Davy Love.*

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
 'And broom bloom'd fair to see;
 When Mary was complete fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her eye;
 Blithe Davy's blinks her heart did move
 To speak her mind thus free:
 Gang down the burn, Davy love,
 And I will follow thee.

Now Davy did each lad surpass,
 That dwelt on this burn side,
 And Mary was the bonniest lass
 Just meet to be a bride:

Blithe Davy's blink, &c.

Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,
 Her een was bonny blue,
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew;

Blithe Davy's blinks, &c.

As

As fate had dealt to him a routh,
 Strait to the kirk he led her,
 There plighted her his faith and truth,
 And a bonny bride he made her ;
 No more aham'd to own her love,
 Or speak her mind thus free,
 Gang down the burn-Davy, love,
 And I will follow thee.

S O N G.—Female Liberty regain'd.

THO' man has long boasted an-absolute sway,
 While woman's hard fate was love, honour,
 obey ;

At length over wedlock fair liberty dawns,
 And the lords of creation must pull in their horns ;
 For Hymen among ye proclaims his degree,
 When husbands are tyrants, their wives will be free.

Away with your doubts, your surmises, and fears,
 'Tis Venus beats up for her gay volunteers ;
 Enlist at her banner, you'll vanquish with ease,
 And make of your husbands what creatures you please :
 To arms then, ye fair ones, and let the world see,
 When husbands are tyrants, their wives will be free.

The rights of your sex wou'd you e'er see restor'd,
 Your tongues thou'd be us'd as a two edged sword ;
 That ear-piercing weapon each husband must dread,
 Who thinks on the marks you may place on his head :
 Then wisely unite, till the men all agree,
 That woman, dear woman, shall ever be free.

No more shall the wife, all meek as a lamb,
 Be subject to, Zounds, do you know who I am ?
 Domestic politeness shall flourish again,
 When women take courage to govern the men :
 Then stand to your charter, and let the world see,
 Tho' husbands are tyrants, their wives will be free.

S O N G.—When Phœbus the tops of the hills does adorn.

WHEN Phœbus the tops of the hills does adorn,
 How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn ;
 When

When the antling stag is rous'd with the sound,
 Erecting his ears, nimbly sweeps o'er the ground,
 And thinks he has left us behind on the plain :
 But still we pursue, and now come in view of the
 glorious game.

O see how again he rears up his head.
 And wing'd with fear, he redoubles his speed :
 But oh ! 'tis in vain, 'tis in vain that he flies,
 'That his eyes lose the huntsman, his ears lose the cries ;
 For now his strength fails him he heavily flies,
 And he pants till with well-scented hounds surrounded
 he dies

SONG.—Ye fair married Dames.

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore
 That a lover once blest'd is a lover no more,
 Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
 That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your
 eye,

Your roses and lilies, may make the men sigh ;
 But roses and lilies, and sighs pass away,
 And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your favourite guitar,
 Tho' music in both, they are both apt to jar ;
 How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
 Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much !

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
 Grow tame by your kindness, and come at command,
 Exert with your husband the same happy skill,
 For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to your will.

Be gay and good humour'd, complying and kind,
 Turn the chief of your care from your face to your
 mind,

'Tis there that a wife may her conquests improve,
 And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of love.

SONG.

S O N G.—*The Lowland Lads.*

THE lowlands lads think they are fine,
 But O they're vain and idly gaudy;
 How much unlike the graceful mien,
 And manly looks of my highland laddie!
*O my bonny bigblaud laddie;
 My handsome charming bigblaud laddie;
 May heaven still guard, and love reward,
 The lowland lads and ber bigblaud laddie.*

If I were free at will to chuse
 To be the wealthiest lowland lady;
 I'd take young Donald in his trews,
 With bonnet blue and belted pladdie.

O my bonny, &c.

No greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and steady;
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While heaven preserves my highland laddie.

O my bonny, &c.

S O N G.—*The bonest Fellow.*

PHO! pox of this nonsense, I prithee give o'er,
 And talk of your Phillis and Chloe no more;
 Their face, and their air, and their mien, what a rout?
 Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about.

Here's to thee, &c.

Let finical fops play the fool and the ape;
 They dare not confide in the juice of the grape:
 But we honest fellows—'sdeath! who'd ever think
 Of puling for love, while he's able to drink?

Of puling, &c.

'Tis wine, only wine, that true pleasures bestows;
 Our joys it increases, and lightens our woes;
 Remember what toppers of old use to sing,
 The man that is drunk is as great as a king.

The man, &c.

If Cupid assaults you, there's law for his tricks;
 Anacreon's cases see, page twenty-six;

The

The precedent's glorious, and just, by my soul ;
Lay hold on, and drown the young dog in a bowl.
Lay hold, &c.

What's life but a frolic, a song and a laugh ?
My toast shall be this, whilst I've liquor to quaff ;
May mirth and good fellowship always abound,
Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.
Boys, fill, &c.

S O N G.—If Truth can fix thy wav'ring Heart.

IF truth can fix thy wav'ring heart,
Let Damon urge his claim ;
He feels the passion, void of art,
The pure, the constant flame.
Tho' sighing swains their torments tell,
Their sensual love condemn ;
They only prize the beauteous shell,
But slight the inward gem.

Possession cures the wounded heart,
Destroys the transient fire ;
But when the mind receives the dart,
Enjoyment whets desire.

By age your beauty will decay,
Your mind improves with years ;
As when the blossoms fade away,
The ripening fruit appears.

May heav'n and Sylvia grant my suit,
And bless the future hour,
That Damon, who can taste the fruit,
May gather ev'ry flower.

T H E E N D.

Select Country Dances.

The Enchanted Wood.

RIGHT-hands across, left-hands back again, lead down the middle, up again, and cast off, allemand with your partner, right and left at top.

Harlequin Vagaries. The first couple allemand with the right-hand, then with the left, first and second couples set and change sides, the same back again, lead down the middle, up again, and cast off, hands six round.

The Mail Coach. The first couple turn right-hands half round left-hands, back again, the second couple do the same, first and second couple promenade round, first couple lead down the middle, up again, and cast off.

Vauxhall Jubilee. Cast off two couples, up again, right-hands across, left hands back again, lead down the middle, up again, and cast off, allemand with your partner.

General Jackson. Right-hands across, half round left-hands, back again, lead down the middle, up again, and cast off, allemand with your partner, hands six round.

The Nymph. Turn hands quite round, and cast off, then turn left-hands, set three and three top and bottom, and turn your partner, set three and three sideways, and turn your partner, hands six round, same back again.

The Fairies. The first gentleman set and turn the third lady, the first lady do the same with the third gentleman, lead through the bottom, and cast up, lead through the top, and cast off, hands four round at the bottom, right and left at top.

The Siege of Carxola. Hey contrary sides, then on your own sides lead down the middle, up again, and cast off, hands four round at the bottom, right and left at top.

The Combat. The first gentleman turn the second lady, the first lady turn the second gentleman, first, second and third couple promenade quite round, cross over

over first couple, lead through the top, and cast off, hands six quite round.

The Royal Grove. Half figure on the contrary side and allemand, figure up on your own side and allemand crosses over two couple, lead up with allemand passes, and cast off.

The Fortune Hunters. Cast off two couple, lead up to top and cast off, hands, four at bottom, right and left at top.

The Revelei. Turn right-hands round, left-hands back again, lead down two couple, cast up one couple, set three and three top and bottom, then sideways, hands six quite round.

The Heiress. Cast off two couple, and up again, crosses over two couple, up again, and cast off, hands four quite round at bottom, right and left at top.

The Romp. The first, second, and third gentleman take hands and go round their partners, the ladies do the same, the first couple go round with the allemand till they come in their places again, the second and third couple follows, crosses over, and right and left.

The Irish Lottery. Right-hands across, left-hands back again, change sides, and back again, lead down the middle, up again, and cast off, allemand with your partner.

Rolling Tom. The first and second couple foot it, and change sides, the same back again, crosses over one couple, right and left at top.

The Polonaise. Cast off first couple, lead through the bottom, and cast up one, lead through the top, and cast off, hands six round, right and left at top.

The Happy Fishermen. First gentleman foot it to the second lady, and turn his partner, first lady foot it to the second gentleman, and do the same, crosses over two couple, lead up one, and turn, hands six round, lead to the top, and cast off.

The Morning Rout. The first gentleman lead the second round, the first and second ladies then turn both hands with their partners, ladies do the same, hands across four, and back again, lead through the third couple, and cast up, lead through the second couple, and cast off.

The Ferry Boat. The first gentleman sets to the second

SELECT COUNTRY DANCES. 149

second lady, and turns her, the first lady sets to the second gentleman, and turns, crosses over quite round the second couple, gallop down two couple, up again, foot it, and cast off.

The Disbanded Officer. Lead down two couple, and ballance allemand, up again, and ballance allemand, the three first couple ballance all round, cast off right and left.

The Fairy's Joy. Half right and left, and back again, cast off hands four with the third couple, right and left at top.

The Prussian Dragon. Hey contrary sides, then on your own side, hands six quite round, lead through the third couple, and cast up, one lead to the top, and cast off.

Tumbling and Trampling. The first and second couple hands across half round, the same back again, lead down the middle, up again, and cast off.

Aldridge's Hornpipe. Six hands round twice, three couple link and dance round see saw and right and left.

Andrew Cary. Cast off two couple, and back again, crosses over two couple, set long corners, dance out at the sides, and turn your partner.

All Alive. Cast off and four hands round with 3d couple, dance down the middle, up again, cast off and right and left.

Bonny Lads. Cast off two couple and back again, set and baulk long corners, and between each setting, to set and baulk to your partner, then set long corners, out at the sides and turn your partner.

Brown's Rant. Dance back and change places, crosses over two couple, lead up and set long corners, out at the sides and turn your partner.

Basket of Oysters. Cast off two couple and up again, dance down the middle and up again, cast off, set corner ways, lead out at the sides and turn.

Bucks of Westmeath. Dance back and change places, lead down the middle and up again, cast off, hands round with third couple, right and left at top.

Baltiowra. Dance down the middle two couple, hook with right arm, turn and cast up one couple,

book

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hook with left arm and cast up to the top; cast off one couple, set long corners, out at the sides and turn.

Conner's Hornpipe. Three hands round with second woman, ditto with second man, first and second couple dance back, foot it and turn their partner, ditto and turn again, cros over one couple and right and left.

Dainty Davy. Dance down the middle, one couple back again, cast off one couple, and dance down another couple, cast off one more, then six hands round, lead up to the top and cast off one couple, then first man hook 3d woman, then his partner; then hook 2d woman, and his partner again, dance outside and turn your partner.

Widow Dickens. Cast off one couple and turn partner, ditto another couple and turn again, then fall in between third man and woman, all four in a breast, ditto with second man and woman, lead up and cast off one couple, hands-a-cros with third couple, see saw with ditto, right and left with second couple.

Nancy Dawson. First and second couple dance back and change places, first couple cros over one couple, second couple do the same, right and left hands-a-cros, lead down the middle one couple, foot it, right and left.

Fanny's Fancy. Dance down one couple, turn your partner, cast off another, turn your partner six hands round, lead up to top, cast off one couple, and right and left.

Follow me, Lads. Hands a-cros and back again, cros over one couple right and left.

Hamilton's Rant. Cast off two couple and back again, then the man to fall in between 3d man and woman, the woman at the same time fall in between 2d man and 2d woman, all footing it at one time: Then the man to fall in between 2d and 3d woman, and the woman to fall in between 2d and 3d man and foot it, set long corners, out at the sides and turn.

Hey me, Nancy. First man beckons to his partner, and casts off two couple, she beckons to him, and returns back again, then cros over two couple, set long corners, dance out all the sides and turn.

Hole

Hole in the Wall. Cast off one couple, and hook, up to the top and hook, heys contrary partners, set corners and, out at the sides.

Higblund Reel. Dance down two couple and up again, six hands round and back again, dance and turn your partners, right and left at top.

The Irish Lasses. Cast off one couple, dance to your partner, cast off another, the same: dance down the middle, up again and cast off at top, change sides with 3d couple, dance down the middle, up again, and right and left with 2d couple.

Jack's Alive. Right and left-hands a-cross, cross over 2d couple, lead up to the top, cast off, one couple six hands round, right and left at top.

Kitty's Wedding. First and second couple dance back and change places, cross over one couple right and left.

Ligumicus. Right and left hands a-cross with second couple, then first man beckon to his partner and cast off 2d couple, she beckons to him, and returns back, then change places, and first man dance with second woman, first woman do the same with second man at the same time, then change again, and dance back with second couple, cross over and right and left.

Lads of Air. First man dance to second woman, he cast down and she up at the same time; second man and first woman do the same, right and left hands a-cross: first man set and turn 2d woman, 2d man ditto with first woman, lead down the middle one couple, foot it right and left.

Lady Berkley's Whim. Cast off two couple, up again, fall in three below and three above, six hands round and back again, dance to your partner and turn, right and left at top.

Miners of Wicklow. Cast off one couple and foot it, ditto another couple and back again, lead down the middle two couple and back again, then cast off one couple, set long corners, out at the sides and turn.

A. aloney's Jigg. [See Miners of Wicklow.]

Merry Dancers. Dance back and change places; first man set and turn 2d woman, first woman with 2d man, cross over one couple, and right and left.

The

The Major. Cross over to the bottom, then see-saw to top, all the company join hands and dance round, cast off and gallop to the bottom.

Duffy Miller. Half heys below 3d couple, cross over between 2d and 3d couple, hook and turn your partner; then hook and turn long corners, and between each corner to hook and turn your partner, set long corners, out at the sides and turn.

Piper's Maggot. Cast off two couple and back again, lead down the middle to second couple's place, and cast up to the top, then cross over two couple, set long corners, out at the sides and turn.

Peas upon a Trencher. First and second couple dance back and change places, cross over two couple, set long corners, dance out at the sides, foot it, and turn your partner.

Priest in his Boots. Right and left hands a-cross, cross over one couple, and right and left.

Queen of Hearts. Hook with right arm and turn, cast off one couple, and ditto with left arm, four hands round twice, set long corners, out at the sides and turn.

Rakes of Mallow. First man heys on the woman's side, his partner heys on the men's side at the same time, then heys at their own sides, the two first couple hands half round, and right and left.

Rates of Cashell. Fall back, change places, jig down the middle, up again, cast off, hands round with third couple, right and left at top.

Rakes of Kilkenny. Hands a-cross and back again, cross over one couple, right and left.

Rates of Westmeath. Cast off two couple and back again, cross over two couple, set long corners, dance out at the sides, and turn your partner.

Scots Bennet. Dance down two couple back again, change sides and back again, cross over two couple, hook long corners, between which, hook and turn your partner, set long corners, turn your partner, and right and left.

The Soldier's Jay. Dance down two couple, and back again, first and third couple see-saw round second couple, the first three couple link and dance round into their places, cross over one couple, and right and left.

Toasts.

Toasts, Sentiments, &c.

THE yeomen of Ireland, and a downfall to the Aristocracy.

The majesty of the People.

May our cannons speak the voice of the people, if our H—— of C—— will not.

A speedy downfall to a corrupt H—— of Commons.

The Constitution—Arms to defend, and spirit to support.

May corruption cease to be measures of our rulers,

May the dread of a foreign enemy never make us forget our domestic foes.

The Volunteers of Ireland—May they prove a terror to their foreign, and a scourge to their domestic foes. May the number of our Volunteers equal the number of the men of Ireland.

Cæsar's fate to the first man that proposes a union between Great-Britain and Ireland.

A speedy downfall to those magistrates who dispose of the rights of their fellow-citizens, to aggrandise themselves.

The virtuous minority of 110.

The 12th of October, 1779.

The infant manufactures of Ireland.

The linen trade of Ireland.

The exports of Ireland, and the enemies of it the first.

The king of Ireland.

The queen and her children.

The *liberty*, not the licentiousness of the press.

Prosperity to Ireland and her legitimate foes, and a speedy conversion to her spurious progeny.

A union of sentiment and interest to the men of Ireland.

An Irish administration supported by the men of Ireland, not by the venal purchase of an aristocratic faction.

The

The united states of America.

A proper adjustment without deceit to the trade of Ireland.

Pleasure here, and happiness hereafter,

Riches to the generous, and power to the merciful.

Health in freedom, and content in bondage.

Lenity to the faults of others, and judgment to correct our own.

May providence unite the hearts that love.

May authority be amiable without debasing its dignity.

May we learn to know our own hearts better, and trust them less.

May we never pronounce certain judgment without certain knowledge.

May we never condemn that in others, which we would pardon in ourselves.

May we never find charms in beauty where modesty is wanting.

May we always have a friend, and know his value.

May we never condemn by hear-say, nor applaud by fashion.

May we be faithful to our friends, and generous to our enemies.

May our pride never increase our enemies, nor put our friends to flight.

May our happiness be sincere and our joys everlasting.

Sense to gain a heart, and merit to keep it.

May our distinguishing mark be merit rather than money.

May our days be long and our hearts merry.

The sweets of friendship and the joys of love.

May our virtues be rather the effect of religion, than the gift of nature.

Health and content to all our absent friends.

May fortune be always an attendant on virtue.

The man of my hopes, and the hopes of my heart.

More industry and less vanity to the people of Ireland.

May ability for doing good be equalled by inclination.

May

May we be slaves to nothing but our duty, and friends to nothing but merit.

Constancy in love and sincerity in friendship.

A head to earn, and a heart to spend.

May all honest souls find a friend in need.

All good men great, and great men good.

May our love like our wine improve by its age.

May we never taste the apples of affliction.

May the man we love be honest, and the land we live in free.

The honest patriot and unbiassed Irishman.

May power ever continue in the friends of Ireland.

The steady friends of Ireland.

May we never meet an old friend with a new face.

May we never give ourselves the denial by asking what we have no right to obtain.

May we never imagine ourselves in want, by looking at the abundance of others.

May we never murmur at the things that must be, but patiently bear the ills we cannot redress.

May our friends ever love us, wise men ever esteem us, and fools ever hate us.

May genius and merit never want a friend.

May we never desire plenty, but to relieve the unhappy, and succour the distressed.

May the cares which bound the heart of the covetous, never disturb our peace.

May poverty never oppress us, nor riches make us proud.

May we never be influenc'd by jealousy or governed by interest.

May our hearts have for tenants truth, candour and benevolence.

May we never be so covetous as to live like beggars for fear of being poor.

May hemp bind him, whom honour cannot.

A well spent life to make old age happy.

Provision to the unprovided.

Happy to meet, happy to part, and happy to meet again.

Love to one, friendship to a few, and good will to all.

Relief

Relief to all oppressed, and distressed.
 Independency and a genteel sufficiency.

The life we live, with whom we love.

May our best days pass be the worst to come.

May the honest heart never know distress.

The pleasures that please on reflection.

May we never know sorrow, but by name.

Success to the lover and joy to the beloved.

Love without fear, and life without care.

Short shoes and long corns to the enemies of Ireland.

Health, love, and ready rhino, to every one that you
 and I know.

May we never be so base as to envy the happiness of
 others.

May we never think a rich man wife, merely for his
 wealth.

Success to our hopes, and enjoyment to our wishes.

May we have in our arms, those we love in our hearts.

May we rather endeavour to kill an injury by neglect,
 than injure ourselves by revenge.

Every man good and every woman pleased.

Health, joy and mutual love.

Content in a cottage, and envy to none.

May he who wants friendship, also want friends.

Delicate pleasures to susceptible minds.

May we be loved by those whom we love.

May the happiness of others, rather melt us to tears of
 sensibility, than the smile of indifference.

May our joys with the fair, give pleasure to the heart.

Good trade and well paid.

Friendship without interest and love without deceit.

The tea of life, creamed with love, and sweeten'd
 with matrimony.

The spring of life and harvest of enjoyment.

May the single be married, and the married happy.

Health and pleasure, mirth and ease;

May the better fortunes of others, never put us out of
 conceit with our own.

Every honest man his right, and every rogue a halter.

Hearts, hearts, homes, and imaginations.



THE
Complete Penman;
OR
Young Clerk's Companion;

EXEMPLIFIED

In all the Various Hands, and Forms of

Business.

Extracted from the Best Performances of the most

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BY

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